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Chronicle

The War.—There have been no important modifications in the military situation, except in Dobrudja and Moldavia, where the Central Powers have made further advances. Interest in the war has been centered on developments concerning the peace proposals. The reply of the Allies to the Central Powers, expresses confidence in the superior strength of the Allies; recapitulates the efforts made by them to avert war; insists on the "innumerable outrages committed by Germany and her allies against both belligerent and neutral nations," especially Belgium; criticizes the motives underlying the suggestions of the Central Powers; summarizes, in a general way, the aims of the Allies; and refuses to consider the peace proposals, which are characterized as "empty and insincere." The door is not closed absolutely against the possibility of a conference, but the implication is clear that such a conference is out of the question, until the Central Powers abandon the attitude of victor, and suggest a basis of discussion of "penalties, reparation and guaranties."

The President's note to the belligerent nations has received official replies from the Austrian, Bulgarian, German and Turkish Governments. In substance they are all the same. The Central Powers appreciate the President's "noble initiative" and believe that the exchange of views he advocates is one of the most suitable means of preparing the way for peace. They do not disclose their terms but suggest that a conference of delegates be held at an early date on neutral ground. None of the Allies have answered the President's communication up to the present. They are making their reply wait upon their response to the proposals of the Central Powers. Switzerland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, have heartily endorsed the President's efforts to further the cause of peace and have sent notes setting forth their attitude to all the Powers. Spain has declined to support the President, on the ground that the time is inopportune for such action.

Austria-Hungary.—An unprecedented throng of sightseers and visitors from all parts of the country

witnessed the formal entry of King Charles and Queen

*Coronation of
Charles IV, King
of Hungary*

Zita into Budapest for the coronation ceremonies. In some instances windows along the route were rented for as much as 5,000 crowns, while in one case 21,000 crowns were paid. The ovation given the royal pair was enthusiastic and the war itself was apparently forgotten amid the splendor and rejoicing. Cardinal Csernoch, with a number of the leading members of the Hungarian Parliament, presented the inaugural diploma which the King returned to the Parliament with his signature. The Parliament then administered the oath amid an impressive ceremony during which the new Crown Guardians were selected by the King. The coronation itself, which took place on December 30, was carried out with great magnificence, enhanced by the splendid national garb of the people and their representatives. The crown was placed upon the head of King Charles by Count Tisza, who had been elected by the King as paladin, with thirty-six members of the Hungarian Parliament who were to act as his assistants in the ceremony. The dress of Queen Zita for this occasion was fashioned after the model of the robes worn by the Hungarian Queens at all coronation ceremonies, and was presented to her by a deputation headed by the Archduchess Augusta. The religious ceremonies were particularly impressive and betokened the living faith of the people to whom King and Queen are giving an illustrious example of sterling Christian virtue and devotion.

Count Czernin von Chudenitz, who has succeeded Baron Burian as Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, has also been named President of the Joint Council of Ministers. He had been Minister to Rumania until the time that country entered the war. One of his first acts was to ask the German Imperial Chancellor for his cooperation in the fulfilment of their annual task.

*The New
Foreign Minister*

"Our alliance," he wrote, "has formed the main pillar of our foreign policy. For more than three score years and ten it has given to our nations and to Europe the blessings of peace and has fostered a prosperous development. Now it has proved its

value in our heavy struggle against powerful enemies whose aim is our destruction. The heroic courage of our allied armies, and the self-sacrificing cooperation of the nations will, I am sure, bring final success, and with it a guarantee for our existence and our future."

The old traditions are thus sustained and steps are under way for establishing even closer economic relations with the German Empire. For this purpose a new treaty is to be formed between the two States. "Our alliance," was the reply of the German Chancellor, "creates a firm and unshakable basis upon which our common work, after a victorious peace, will firmly establish the welfare of our nations."

France.—In addition to a decree creating General Joffre a Marshal of France, President Poincaré has signed another revoking the decrees of December 2,

**Marshal
Joffre**

1915, and December 13, 1916. The first of these appointed the present Marshal, Commander in Chief of all the French forces, except those in the colonies and in Morocco. The second said: "General Joffre, Commander in Chief of the French forces, will act as technical adviser to the Government in all concerning the direction of the war."

The high command as formerly announced and now settled finally consists of the War Committee composed of Premier Briand; General H. Lyautey, Minister of War; Rear Admiral Lacaze, Minister of Marine; Albert Thomas, Minister of National Manufactures; Alexandre Ribot, Minister of Finance, and President Poincaré. The duty of the Minister of War is to notify the other Ministers and commanding Generals of the decisions of the committee and to take measures to insure their concerted execution. He is moreover responsible for everything concerning the preparation and the maintenance of the military resources of the nation. There are two Generals commanding, General Nivelle of the armies of the North and the Northeast, and General Sarraill of the army of the Orient. These are directly responsible to the Minister of War. Commenting on this new plan the Paris *L'Oeuvre* says:

Our readers have explained the difficulties they experience in an endeavor to understand the various texts which have altered the organization of the supreme command. I will come at once to the solution, which appears final. The Government confides the direction of the war to the War Committee. The Prime Minister, who is also Minister of Foreign Affairs, together with the Minister of Finance, the Minister of War, the Minister of Marine, and the Minister of Munitions, form this committee, which excludes all other persons, however high up in the military hierarchy.

The committee has no technical advisers apart from the War Minister. By the intermediary of the War Minister the committee exercises control over the General Commander in Chief of the Armies of the North and Northeast and the General Commander in Chief of the Army of the Orient. These two Generals are completely independent, having over them no other chief than the Minister of War. There is no longer one single generalissimo. Having established this fact, let us wind

wreaths, strew flowers, honors, and titles. May those who care for them gather them up. France, with lighter heart, only looks to the future.

The press and public, profoundly grateful for the splendid services of the retired Commander in Chief, are almost unanimous in welcoming the revival of the dignity of Marshal in his favor. Clémenceau strikes a discordant note in *L'Homme Enchaîné* by declaring: "The technical Generalissimo evaporates unto Marshal of France, whose characteristic mark is to have no function."

M. Georges Goyau has written in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a splendid "apologia" of the conduct of the French secular clergy and religious in the war. The

article constitutes an eloquent and authoritative reply to certain insinuations made by a small but bold clique of anti-religious politicians concerning the conduct under the Colors of the "monks" and the attitude of the French prelates and their clergy towards the military and civil authorities. In spite of the enthusiasm and the alacrity with which the mobilized priests of France and the members of the dispersed Orders and Congregations hastened to join the army, even from distant lands, and the wonderful heroism they have displayed in the war, they have been the objects of gross slanders. It was said that they sought and obtained posts which placed them in less danger than ordinary combatants, and that consequently the death roll amongst them has been comparatively slight.

M. Georges Goyau, fortunately, is an expert on the statistics of the war. These and the "orders of the day" of the various army corps furnish him with the matter for a thorough refutation of the charges. Among other things, after speaking of the priests actually in the trenches and on the firing line, M. Goyau refers to the military chaplains and the priests attached as stretcher-bearers to the Medical and Sanitary Corps. Their story is one of splendid but silent and hidden heroism. One item alone tells its eloquent tale. Already, says the eminent apologist, the diocese of Paris alone counts fifty-nine priests or seminarists possessing the War Cross, and five priests decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, for heroic conduct during the war.

Germany.—The service rendered to Germany by her fleet of submarines is daily becoming more apparent. The danger of wreckage from storms is apparently the

**War and
Submarines**

main peril to which they are now exposed, since methods of cutting the nets in which they could formerly be caught have been invented. The Order of Merit has lately been bestowed on the German submarine commander, Captain Valentiner, for having sunk 128 ships of a total tonnage of 282,000, among them a French gunboat, a troop transport, four steamships loaded with war material and a French submarine convoy-

ing fourteen coal steamers. The daily average of ship-tonnage sunk by German submarines is said to be gradually rising from 10,000 to 20,000. At present Germany is producing between three and four submarines a week. According to report some of the latest models have a keen, blade-like edge for their prow, which will cut through the thickest nets without difficulty. It is announced by the German postal authorities that the merchant submarine Deutschland and her sister ships will carry special mail on their future voyages. It is to be known as "submarine mail" and will be dispatched to the United States, Central America, South America, the West Indies, China, the Dutch East Indies and the Philippine Islands. A special charge of two marks for a postcard or letter not exceeding twenty grams in weight will be levied in addition to the regular international postage. A similar charge will be made for each further twenty grams up to a maximum weight of sixty grams. It is expected that the submarine post will be in heavy demand, since letters take many months in transit by the ordinary route.

The number of civilians "assassinated in East Prussia in 1914" during the Russian invasion is officially announced as 6,048, of whom ninety-nine were women.

**Civilians
Slain by Russians**

The following are some further details given in the report published by the Königsburg statistical office, indicating the manner in which the "murders" were committed: "338 men and 58 women were shot, 48 men and one woman stabbed, 27 men and one woman beaten to death, 6 men and 5 women burned, one man choked to death, 2 men killed during the 'hold-up' of a train," while "murder" only is written opposite the names of 107 men and 4 women.

In general the press is still rather hostile in its criticism of the American note. However, a kindly tone has been assumed by the London *Weekly Nation*, which takes the view that the President of the United States performed a duty imposed on him by the Hague Convention. The paper believes:

It is open to the critics of the note to say that it is inopportune or obscure, but it is impossible for them to deny that behind the note lies the greatest material force that the war has left standing. They may find it harder to realize the entirely reassuring truth that his power is now formally enlisted to secure the world's deepest need. When a prairie fire is raging a planter has the right and duty to look to his own homestead. A conflagration enveloping human society is no domestic broil, as, with all its indirect consequences to mankind, was the American Civil War. This war is a flame which daily devours or deteriorates the world's stock of labor, food, raw materials, and implements of industry, including America's share of these necessities, while at least one of its possible and even early developments threaten her peace.

But we do scant courtesy to Mr. Wilson's presentment if we treat it as a piece of national egoism and write out from its measured sentences their reasoned passion for human welfare.

The *Nation* pronounces the note entirely inoffensive,

and believes that, though the Governments may not be thankful, "if there is a force behind President Wilson to arrest the war at the point of security and fix it there, yet millions of fathers and mothers will call it blessed."

This is in striking contrast to the attitude of the London *Spectator*, which sets the wildest and most impossible conditions for peace, demanding 1) that the peace parley start from the *status quo* before the war, Germany evacuating France, Belgium, Luxemburg, Serbia, Rumania, Russia and Montenegro; 2) the restoration to France, of Alsace-Lorraine, to Denmark, of the Danish portion of Schleswig-Holstein; 3) the annexation to the Polish kingdom which the Czar is to create, of Posen, Polish Prussia and the Austrian Poland; 4) the erection of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, etc., into a Slav kingdom; 5) the erection of Bohemia into a separate kingdom; 6) the addition of the Rumanian section of Transylvania to Rumania; 7) the cession to Italy, of the Austrian Tyrol, Trieste, Istria and other portions of Austria of Italian blood; 8) the transfer of Constantinople and the straits to Russia; 9) Russian tutelage of the Armenians; 10) freedom for the Arabs; Syria, Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, being placed under external protection; 11) retention of the German colonies by the Allies; 12) a money indemnity for the ruin wrought in Belgium, France, etc.; 13) reparation by Germany for all ships of commerce destroyed, ton for ton, neutral claims to be satisfied only after damages to the Allies have been satisfied; 14) expropriation of the German navy by the Allies; 15) democratization of the German Government; 16) neutralization of the Kiel canal under an international commission from the membership of which Germans will be excluded.

Ireland.—Mr. Swift MacNeil, M.P., an Irish Protestant who represents a Catholic constituency, protests in a letter to the *Morning Post* against the use in its columns by Mr. Frederic Harrison of the term "Irish Papists." In his remarks Mr. MacNeil points out to Mr. Harrison

**Bigotry
Rebuked**

that he seriously erred in seeming to imply that the insurrection of 1798 was a strictly Catholic movement, for the leaders Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, T. A. Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, the brothers Sheares, Oliver Bond and others were all Protestants. Mr. Harrison's object in dragging the religious question into his letter seems unmistakable. He could not but have known that by appealing to religious bigotry he was embittering his attack on the Irish Nationalists, and he appeared to forget that but for prejudice of this kind there would be no Irish difficulty at the present day. Ireland would be exercising her right to manage her own affairs, and amongst the Irish people there would be no dissatisfaction with the policy of Great Britain.

Though of late the Irish problem, the great question of Home Rule, with all that it implies, has not loomed

so large in political discussions, it is quite evident nevertheless that the delay in solving it is causing acute dissatisfaction in the country. The sober Cork *Examiner*, one of the least sensational of journals, gives expression to the prevalent feeling in the country in a leading article under the heading "Grave Irish Situation." It says among other things:

*Widespread
Unrest*

Irish Nationalists cannot be expected to remain docile and subservient under conditions which, if imposed by Germany, would be denounced as unconstitutional and uncivilized; so the Government may be warned that the continuance of martial law, the dilatoriness shown with regard to amnesty, and the treatment of the political prisoners generally, the industrial anomalies, and the laxity in dealing with the food problem are matters upon which extreme dissatisfaction exists in Ireland.

The release of 576 political prisoners interned for participating in the Easter rising has already partially met these just demands of the Cork newspaper.

Rome.—Count de Salis, Sir Henry Howard's successor to the post of British Minister to the Vatican, recently presented his credentials to the Holy Father. In

*Count de Salis
Presents Credentials*

his address to his Holiness, he recalled how the King of England, desirous of strengthening the ties with the Holy See, had sent Sir Henry Howard on an extraordinary mission "With the object of continuing the relations so happily established," added Count de Salis, "my Government decided to appoint a new representative to Your Holiness. I ventured to accept the mission, hoping that it may correspond to the desires of the King's Government, and be a source of legitimate satisfaction to all his Catholic subjects."

The Holy Father in reply expressed his satisfaction that King George, in establishing a mission to the Holy See, had chosen as his first Minister Sir Henry Howard, who had "so well fulfilled all expectations." "But today," his Holiness continued, "We must doubly rejoice because His Britannic Majesty has not delayed to appoint a new representative to the Holy See, and because this time again the King's choice has fallen on an eminent diplomatist whose brilliant qualities assure the success of his mission." After the customary visit to the Cardinal Secretary of State, the British envoy expressed great satisfaction at the cordiality of both receptions.

Rome informs us that once again there are rumors

*France and the
Holy See*

about the renewal of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See, and that M. Bourgeois is mentioned as the future French Ambassador to the Vatican. Rome thus summarizes these rumors:

The addition of three French Cardinals to the Sacred College is taken to be a premonitory symptom of the coming change. Cardinal Gasparri's outspoken remarks on the subject, in a recent interview, would hardly have been uttered were not negotiations being carried on at the time. It is well known that M. Denys Cochin and other influential French Catholics have been work-

ing to secure a resumption of relations between France and the Pope, that French Catholics are extremely desirous to see the breach ended, and that even many French politicians, who are anything but Catholic in spirit and tendency, have been long convinced that the best interests of France demand the restoration of these relations. When non-Catholic countries like Russia, England, Serbia and Holland find it profitable or even necessary to have representatives at the Vatican, especially in wartime, the silence and absence of France is surely anomalous.

All this, adds Rome, is very true. But it does not prove the truth of the rumor, and a restoration of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the eldest daughter of the Church may not take place "until the war is over, when it will be almost inevitable."

Spain.—The sad, even desperate economic position of the clergy, especially in the rural districts, already exposed in AMERICA, seems to be growing worse. The

*Economic Plight of
the Clergy*

attention of the Government has been repeatedly called to the fact and memorials and petitions have been addressed to it in order to ameliorate the condition of a hard-working and self-sacrificing priesthood. Several of the Archbishops have interviewed the Premier Count Romanones in order to impress him with the fairness and the justice of the demands and have requested him to increase the meagre pittance which the clergy receive from the State. With the Archbishops, the Premier was sympathetic and courteous, but vague. No definite reply was given to their representations. To a parish priest of Saragossa, who wrote to the Count, imploring him to support the efforts being made to secure the rural clergy a living wage, the Premier in his reply seems to have given one at least of the major reasons why these hard-working priests cannot be helped: the Treasury is at fault. The reason alleged by the Prime Minister is a sad commentary on the failure of the Liberal Government in the managements of the public finances.

But the impoverished and suffering priests have found an unexpected champion. The anti-clerical organ *El Liberal* has come out strongly in their favor. It maintains of course that it is on the side of the clergy in the matter, not from religious motives, but from a sense of justice and national decorum. Whatever its motives, its action will necessarily influence the public and other sections of the anti-clerical press. The Archbishop of Tarragona has written a letter of congratulation to the editor of *El Liberal* on his manly attitude. The Archbishop moreover has outlined a plan of campaign to relieve the clergy. When the estimates for Public Worship come up for discussion in the Senate, it is his intention to propose an amendment in favor of an increase in the stipends for the rural clergy. When the matter has been thoroughly exposed in both Houses, it is hoped that these generous workers will not be denied the paltry pittance to which on so many grounds they have the strictest right.

The Modern Dance and Health

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

IT is a matter of common knowledge that the American public is obsessed with the fad of dancing. Young and old dance, as they say, in the morning, in the late afternoon and far into the night; but my own observation in many cities has led me to the conclusion that the term dancing, as applied to the movements in vogue in restaurants and cabarets, is a misnomer. The so-called dancers, as far as I have been able to observe, merely walk about the room, wrapped as closely as possible in each other's arms. They move, it is true, to the accompaniment of music, give occasional wriggles, retard their progress now and then with hesitations, and go through fantastic "gyrations" of the shoulders. But it is only by a gross misuse of the term that such procedures can be called dancing.

Indeed the feature that one who knows the history of dancing would be likely to resent most in this new-fangled development is that it should be called dancing at all. Dancing is a rhythmic series of movements expressive of emotion. Doubtless it can be made a medium of expression quite as valuable as that of the other arts. Some of the most beautiful poetry ever penned, the choric odes of the great Greek dramatists, was meant to be intoned to a rhythmic movement of the chorus, which added greatly to the significance of the words. As these choric odes treat of the profoundest subjects of human interests, life and death, suffering, love and friendship, it is easy to understand what a magnificent, artistic medium the Greek dance must have been.

After reading these choric odes, written, partly at least, to be interpreted by movement, one realizes how much dancing may mean. The study of them makes it easier to understand why it was that David danced before the Ark, and how dancing became a religious ceremony. It was my good fortune, many years ago, to hear the altar boys in one of the old Spanish cathedrals sing a lovely hymn to the Blessed Virgin, while they sounded their castanets and rhythmically swayed in an old-fashioned dance. Witnessing the harmonious blending of sound and movement, I thought I knew why Fanny Ellsler had caught the fancy even of the Puritans in Boston long ago, and why Margaret Fuller, according to the story, was moved to say to Ralph Waldo Emerson, who sat beside her at the performance, "Waldo, this is poetry," only to hear the answer, "Nay, Margaret, this is religion."

One may not agree entirely with the cryptic expression of the sage of New England; but his remark helps one to appreciate how artistic dancing may arouse the highest and deepest emotions that there are in man. No one, however, would think for a moment of ascribing to

these modern procedures called dancing the remotest possibility of arousing any emotion, except perhaps the sense of the ridiculous. Dancing a few years ago, though not very artistic, used to be at least graceful and pleasing to watch; not so these modern dances.

The same trivializing tendency has affected music as well. "Ragtime" alone is popular. It furnishes certain recurrent emphases that are distinctly reminiscent of Indian and savage music, of tom-toms and other rude instruments. Rubbed sticks and brushes and curious cacophonies of other kinds are coming back into vogue; and the rule of our day seems to be anything for novelty and anything to attract attention through sense. All sorts of savage elements, Hawaiian, Patagonian, Argentine-Indian, have been introduced into the music. Nor is this strange. The dances are exotic and come from distant barbarous or semi-barbarous sources, and it is not surprising that the music should have come with them.

One of the excuses given for the present passion for dancing is that it furnishes an opportunity for exercise to those who are much in the house and live very sedentary lives. The dancing-exercise, however, as I have seen it, is taken under the worst possible conditions. Where dancing takes place, smoking is almost universally allowed. After an hour or two the air is so thick that one could almost cut it, and occasionally one has the feeling, when the doors for a moment are opened wide, that large blocks of atmosphere are being pushed out by the waiters. At the beginning of the evening there is little dust in the room, but as people come in from the street and scrape their shoes on the floor, they grind the dirt into fine particles, and it floats about, making a very undesirable atmospheric element.

We have wondered why "colds" spread so rapidly nowadays, and mean so much; but any physician will readily understand that the rather rapid breathing induced by the exercise, moderate though it may be, in such an overheated atmosphere, with the inspiration of irritative particles of dust, tobacco-smoke and the like, cannot but cause in the mucous membrane of the lungs a definite congestive irritation that constitutes a predisposition for any infection. If among those present there are any suffering from a cold, and at almost any season of the year in a large group of persons there will be such, an excellent opportunity will be afforded the cold to spread. The conditions of the cabaret are even better for its dissemination than the crowded car or the crowded moving-picture theater, although these two have been thought the most fruitful sources of "colds" in recent years. Certainly for anyone with a predisposition to tuberculosis nothing can be imagined or contrived so

deleterious as the conditions of cabaret or supper-dancing.

The dancing is usually preceded by eating and drinking. This adds another element, which, from a physician's standpoint, must be regarded as injurious. I believe that in Uncle Remus the bear suggests to Brer Rabbit that he can eat no more "until he has danced his stomach down," though stomach is not the word that the bear used, for in the woods they are very frank. The bear, however, is the only advocate, so far as I know, of exercise immediately after eating. Such a practice is bad for any one, but especially so for thin, dyspeptic or supposedly dyspeptic people. To make matters worse the present fad puts the exercise between courses; and it is one of the surprises of an evening of this kind, to see how many club sandwiches, with pickles and beets and olives and mustard, interlarded with ice cream and tarts or other pastry, can be eaten by a thin, delicate-looking, little girl, who uses the interval between dances to consume hastily new and unusual forms of food.

When I recall how intent we have been for twenty years on explaining health rules in the schools, in order

to teach our people how to care for themselves, the picture of the cabaret and its dancers insistently rises before me. The smoke, the dust, the jarring exercise immediately after eating, or, rather, as an interlude to the eating, the late hours, the glaring lights, the mixture of materials that the stomach is called upon to absorb, for I have not mentioned the fluids, these are, if not the result, at least, the concomitants of our increased knowledge of how to be well, and of the constant reiteration of the rules of health by newspaper, magazine and teachers. It is incredible.

It is a salutary thing for us to "objectivize" ourselves occasionally and laugh at our absurdities. How ridiculous our generation is with its pretense to knowledge and culture, and its weak yielding to the tyranny of passing fads! What others do, we must do. We are like dumb driven cattle, blindly following blind leaders. And yet man is man, mainly by his individuality, by his power to think for himself and to do what he personally judges to be right. Why are we Americans dancing morning, noon, and night? He would be a rash man who would hazard even a guess.

An Effective Peace Plan

J. B. CULEMANS

WHILE captive Israel, crushed and shattered, sat and wept near the streams of Babylon, it listened in rapture to the Prophet extolling the day when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation: neither shall they be exercised any more to war." (Is. 11:4.) As half the world is engaged in the work of mutual extermination, insistent voices are lifted above the din of battle to picture in glowing terms the beauties of a permanent peace; to advocate means of insuring it, to banish war forever from the face of the earth. Have we any warrant for assuming that the last war is being waged under our eyes?

Political war and peace do not enter directly within the purview of the Gospel, since the Saviour's kingdom is not of this world. (John, xviii:36.) He promised His disciples peace indeed, but a peace which the world cannot give, (John, xiv:27) the inner peace of heart and soul, which does not exclude outward stress and storm. "If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated me before you." (John, xv:18.)

Put up thy sword into the scabbard, He commanded Peter, ready to defend Him. (John, xviii:11.) Blessed are the peaceful, He says again. (Matt. v:9), and yet almost in the same breath: "I have come not to bring peace but the sword." (Luke, xii:51.) And He warns His Apostles: "He that hath a purse let him take it . . . and he that hath not, let him sell his coat and buy a sword." (Luke, xii:36.) But it is the sword of the

Spirit, which is the word of God (Eph. vi:17) as the Apostles came to understand in time.

But once does He make an allusion to what we may consider as a war of nations: "Nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom." (Luke, xxi:10.) "You shall hear of wars and rumors of war, for such things must needs be." (Mark, xiii:7; Matt. xxiv:6.) "For such things must needs be:" in the light of this divine utterance, the words of Jeremias acquire an almost sinister significance: "Peace, peace, and there was no peace. They were confounded because they committed abomination; yea rather, they were not confounded with confusion and they knew not how to blush. Wherefore they shall fall among them that fall: in the time of their visitation they shall fall down saith the Lord." (Jer. vi:14-15.) Scripture then points to the fact that the wars afflicting our race have deeper roots than any combination of human powers can ever eradicate: to banish war we must banish sin from the earth.

What trust can we put in human agencies attempting to decrease at least the frequency of war?

A war to end war, is the slogan of some verbose publicists and worldly-wise statesmen, and they make frantic efforts to call into being leagues of peace, alliances of nations, an international police force whose beneficent duty it shall be to prevent aggression from one state on another henceforth and forever.

People cannot but sympathize with these high aims.

They see the havoc wrought in men and property. Toiler and scientist, high and low, descend into an untimely common grave. The art treasures of centuries are shattered into dust. Progress and discovery are arrested in their normal onward course, and turned aside to help complete the work of destruction. The slaughter and burning have gone on for centuries. The gore and the stench of innumerable battlefields have reeked unto heaven through the ages. Shall there never be an end? No sooner is the question asked than the wish becomes father to innumerable plans to attain so desirable a goal. A war to end war, we hear it said; and the statement is qualified at once: at least all wars not approved by the moral conscience of mankind. But the moral conscience of mankind is so indefinite and unprincipled that it approves of things that clash with all true morality. Witness the world-wide evil of divorce so universally condoned and indulged. And if any nation or combination of nations is to coerce another to accept its view of international morality, we are preparing for another conflict of arms as gigantic as the one we are now witnessing. Can anyone seriously imagine a modern State or a group of States setting themselves up as infallible exponents and keepers of the world's moral conscience? The very claim is its own refutation: international morality is often the merest cant flung out as a cloak over low materialistic motives that cannot stand the light of day. That is why all history shows the fundamental instability of many international alliances, founded as they are, not on justice, but on expediency irrespective of right. When the material advantages bargained for are realized or fail of realization, the alliances crumble.

Others advocate the democratic control of foreign policy, to forestall wars that now, in their view, are largely engineered in secret by diplomats. On August 3, 1914, the *London Standard*, a conservative organ wrote:

We do not know what sort of children our grandchildren will be; but if they are at all like ourselves, they will recall with astonishment how Europe went to war in 1914 without passion or hatred or malice; how between two and three hundred million people set out to slaughter one another in a fatalistic way, merely because the diplomatists had arranged things so.

And about two years earlier, on November 23, 1912, the *London Times* said in the plainest terms:

Who then makes war? The answer is to be found in the chancelleries of Europe, among the men who have too long played with human life as pawns in a game of chess, who have become so enmeshed in formulæ and the jargon of diplomacy that they have ceased to be conscious of the poignant realities with which they trifle. And thus war will continue to be made until the great masses who are the sports of professional schemers and dreamers, say the word which shall bring, not eternal peace, for that is impossible, but a determination that war shall be fought only in a just and righteous and vital cause.

G. Lowes Dickinson in England is devoting all his energy to the advocacy of a scheme that would permit all questions of foreign policy to be submitted in every

land to a vote of the people, taking them altogether out of the hands of the men higher up. Such a democratization of diplomacy seems to offer some relief. Yet, who does not know that a handful of powerful orators, abetted by a few influential journals, and the facilities of modern telegraphic communication may in a day set a country aflame from end to end, and precipitate a fatal decision?

A well known Catholic publicist in Italy, the Marchese Crispolti, has recently endeavored to show that Catholic parties, strongly organized in every land, can, through international cooperation, secure a permanent world-peace. He bases his hopes principally on an agreement by all nations to limit their armaments in proportion to their population. There is of course this difficulty: the States, obedient to the pact, would by reason of their very obedience, deprive themselves of the power to reduce recalcitrants to order. Hence there must be no recalcitrant States. Therefore the Marchese urges Catholics, as internal parties in each State, to use all their power to prevent an increase in armaments beyond what has been allotted to that particular State.

However, in no European country, Belgium excepted, is a Catholic party in power. In some countries it does not exist at all, and in no country is the Catholic party strong enough to carry out successfully such a systematic program against the combined opposition of other parties. Besides, if Catholics do obstruct military preparedness, they will be cried down for disloyalty, unpatriotic conduct, opposition to the best interests of the country, conspiracy against the life of the State, allegiance to a foreign power, and what not. No effective results are to be expected from the concerted action of Catholics banded together in political parties. Wherever we turn for permanent peace plans, we face uncertainty as to results. As long as selfish interests rule statesmen and nations, and international alliances are a barter of material benefits, not a pact to uphold justice, there is no absolutely valid norm by which the interests of various States can be gauged and evaluated aright. There is nothing but a narrow nationalism intent on self-expansion, distrustful of its neighbor, ready to spring to arms when it deems itself endangered and willing to stake all on the decision of the sword.

In this conflict of opinions and schemes only one plan stands out above all clashing claims: an appeal to the Pope as arbiter in international disputes. The plan is far from being advocated openly. The sects are uneasy and apprehensive at its mention. Statesmen instinctively dread to admit God and religion into their councils. Yet the Pope remains the one truly influential head of even a divided Christendom. His right and his ability to act in the capacity of arbiter cannot be gainsaid. Under the present most trying circumstances he has evinced the most remarkable absence of national bias, the most absolute neutrality. A sovereign without a country, he has no territorial ambitions. As the ruler of millions, he commands absolute respect and confidence. Used to view and handle world-embracing questions, he has that

breadth of vision, that wide grasp of problems required in the handling of international disputes. The very fact that his subjects belong to all nations urges him to be impartial towards each and all. He has shown that his pity and kindness include all alike, even those not of the Fold. His standards of morality are of the highest: those of Christ himself. Considerations of material national welfare are not excluded from his purview, but subordinated to spiritual values of justice and right, which are the only ones of permanent worth and which no decision of the sword can alter. Let his claim as arbiter be urged in season and out of season. Where all else has failed or seems sure to fail, is it too much to ask that recourse be had to his tribunal before the firebrand is once again thrown among the nations?

If the last war is not being fought, yet, "when you shall hear of wars and seditions, be not terrified." (Luke, xxi:9.) Providence guides the course of nations even though we see its workings only through a glass darkly.

Actors, the People and the Cinema

IRENE WEST

I HAVE noted with intense interest that of late a great deal has been said and written in opposition to the production and exhibition of obscene motion-pictures. As an actress of international experience, now living in retirement, and a convert to the Catholic Church, may I set forth what I believe to be a gleam of hope; at least a partial solution to this deplorable state of affairs?

Today the great motion-picture industry of the world might be classed as an international educator. It effects an interchange of the ideas and ideals of many races. People of various nations, their personal characteristics and customs, are depicted on the screen in a most real and vital way, and the lesson is absorbed by the intelligent and the ignorant. The pictures, if objectionable, are a hundred-fold more damaging than literature of the same character, because those who seldom or never read and the illiterate, are regular patrons of the cinema.

The photo-playhouse is in a position, operating as it does, every day in the week, to destroy more character in boys and girls in seven days than all the Sunday-schools in America can hope to upbuild in as many years. Is it not monstrous, then, that the American people should not only be afflicted at home with motion-pictures that destroy character and create an appetite for crime, but should likewise be humiliated by the knowledge that bad pictures bearing the trademark of the United States are scattered broadcast?

In some parts of Europe and in the Argentine and Brazil I have seen pictures on the screen so base as to cause me to blush with shame and indignation one moment and feel my blood curdle the next. I have actually heard it said that such films as fail to pass the censors in this country find a profitable market in South America.

It is not my intention to criticize our neighbor, realizing as I do, that we must first sweep clean our own doorstep. I mention this only to show that we, as Catholics, cannot always remain silent or indifferent to so far-reaching and subtle an evil. I am of the opinion that unless we, collectively, as members of Christ's Fold, use every honorable means to suppress the manufacture and exportation of such films, the Church will eventually be obliged to speak, if only to protect and safeguard the morals of her own children. In such an event she would be rendering, as of old, one more service to the world at large, for the good of all.

Who is to blame for this wretched state of affairs, the scenario writers, directors, actors, corporations, exhibitors, or the general public? Each element in the great industry places the blame elsewhere. The scenario writer will tell you that he writes to meet the demand of the times. The director merely produces from the manuscript given him. The actor but plays the part assigned to him. The corporations manufacture simply what their customers demand. The exhibitor says he is displaying what the general public craves and patronizes. Thus it is; and by blaming the general public such unscrupulous parasites hope to continue to infect the people with social and moral venom, with impunity.

It is to be hoped that the depraved taste of a few is in nowise representative of the American mind. The masses are often unconsciously guilty of patronizing such pictures, through misrepresentation or attractive advertising, and we all know that objectionable pictures are to be found not only in the five-cent picture house but elsewhere also. Many questionable subjects are masqueraded as important and vital questions of the day and draw capacity houses at the admission price of a first-class musical extravaganza.

Since we find it so difficult to localize the blame, perhaps we should be more concerned with the remedy than the disease. There is abundant evidence that the boards of censors have proved ineffective to cope with the situation. As I remarked in the beginning, I believe I see a partial solution to the motion-picture evil. I am advancing just a little into the future, when the "Catholic Actors Gild of America" shall be firmly established as a national organization.

Of the many thousands of persons in America who are following the theatrical profession today a full fifty per cent of the number are members of the Church. This fact was first discovered when the Rev. Walter Bentley established in New York City a Protestant organization known as the "Actors' Church Alliance." Out of this discovery grew the "Catholic Actors Gild of America." Although the Gild is less than three years old, it has made steady progress from the beginning and its members now number several hundred. As a member of the organization I have received information from headquarters in New York that the Gild intends to start the new year by reaching out and establishing branches in all the theatrical

centers of America. I am consumed with a burning desire to see this movement firmly established and successfully operating. I have personally aroused much interest in the matter among our Catholic actors in the capital of the film world. We are now awaiting orders from the head office to open a chapter here in Los Angeles. With our Catholic actors organized under one banner for their spiritual welfare, it seems reasonable to believe that the salutary influence of such an organization will prove a potent factor in the uplifting of the stage and theatricals in general. As many of our Catholic actors are also members of the Knights of Columbus, that benevolent association of members of Christ's Church feels a kindly interest in the desire and effort of the Catholic actors to unite. There is strength in numbers. Membership in the Gild will not only include the Catholic actor but the playwright as well, and all others in any way connected with the profession.

It may be only presumption on my part, this effort

to advance a theory that if the "Catholic Actors' Gild of America," a few thousand strong, raised aloud its voice in protestation against the production of obscene motion pictures a gratifying result would be effected. A protest from the actors themselves would probably call forth the support and cooperation of the religious organizations of all denominations and a great majority of the general public who are in favor of crushing for all time those covetous mongrels who publicly exploit the sensual and criminal side of a debased human nature for their own selfish ends. It is thus they would fill their pockets with filthy lucre at the expense of moral corruption to an amusement-loving people.

Let the stage and the motion picture ever remain one of the greatest institutions of the American republic; and let the actors, who are the theater-going public's pets and idols, save the situation by leading a campaign for the exclusion of all theatrical productions that offend the nation's sense of decency.

Three Great Personalities

JOHN B. KENNEDY

TODAY G. K. Chesterton is one of England's foremost men of letters and his brother Cecil and Hilaire Belloc are two others of like genius and popularity.

Naturally, when interviewed, these three literateurs dwelt mainly upon war topics. Mr. Belloc is an expert on the war, and his conversation on that subject is technical; G. K. Chesterton is the war's English philosopher who has expended a vast amount of mental energy in clearing up popular confusion regarding "Rooshans and Prooshans"; and Cecil Chesterton is the typical London taxpayer who views disaster with equanimity and success with undue elation.

Just previous to the war these three names had recurred in the British press so often that the men were already well known, not only as men of letters, for those laurels were earned years before, but as forceful publicists with a message for England and the world at large, a message startlingly true and unequivocal, that decadence had decayed utterly, and that true faith was returning.

Since the war this specific message has been suspended, and these three men are writing of the conflict, and little else. But while the war, as related to England, will result in the greatly enhanced prestige of Catholicism as a factor in the national life, it will eventually become, like all upheavals, a milestone in the progress of the Faith. So however discerning, however wise, however interesting their dicta on the war, this is less important in the long run, than the personal influence of these three widely quoted thinkers as positive forces in religion.

Some observers among us have expressed doubts regarding the genuineness and permanence of the so-called Catholic literary revival in London. A cynical contempt has been displayed toward the work of writers on both sides of the Atlantic who are said to imitate G. K. Chesterton. This imputation is the rankest injustice to Mr. Chesterton because the chief virtue of his style is that it is inimitable. Anybody can build a paradox, and anybody else can demolish it, and anybody but a professional bigot can see the truth and tell it. Mr. Chesterton does these things extremely well, and in so doing he provides higher intellectual entertainment than any other writer. Therein lies his excellence, and whoso would emulate it has a worthy object and a far goal.

So far as can be detected there are no evidences of a purely Catholic literary revival in London. Several clever English writers, in the natural cycle of experience, have confronted the Catholic record of consistency and truth under all conditions, adverse and prosperous, and these have been honest enough to admit the power of the Church. Also, in a few cases where free thought was not the paramount spiritual tenet, the new impression given by this contact with the first principles of Catholicism has been sufficiently strong to induce sympathetic study, with the usual result of conversion.

In London, as in every other metropolis of art, the cleverest men have very cordial intellectual friendships or very robust intellectual enmities; and where they are the cleverest of the clever they usually manage to have both. By the monthly statistics which the omnivorous multitude seem to revere as the criterion of all values,

the brain-power of London's current genius would register Bernard Shaw with 1,000 kilowatts, G. K. Chesterton with 900 and Hillaire Belloc with 850, others following in due gradation.

This is the popular theory, expressed by London journalists who have been "on" Fleet Street long enough to select destinies for all the great names in the universe. Of course it is utterly wrong. Mr. Shaw's brain is neither the biggest nor the best in London. It produces excellent work when stimulated by a theatrical setting of crisis and opportunity; but in all its brilliance it lacks the most dazzling of intellectual attributes, simplicity. Certainly G. K. Chesterton is not inferior to Shaw. Without sensation, without a stage, Mr. Chesterton has so grown in power that his pronouncements are accepted abroad as the essence of the best British thought on things politic.

But so far as mere intellectual ability is concerned it is highly probable that both these noted gentlemen should bow to Belloc. Starting his career with the advantage of correct metaphysics and rigidly avoiding the climacteric doubts of religious discipline that trip the minor grades of genius, Hillaire Belloc has overcome the terrific handicaps of strict sincerity and aristocratic mental endowments, to reach a permanent pinnacle as England's most reliable war writer. Principally because he has never lost sight of the basic truths of economics in his study of the war, and also because he has not permitted himself the journalistic delight of translating public fear or hope into terms of prophecy, he has the most substantial following of intelligent readers. It is a fact that Mr. Belloc's contributions, with subsidiary assistance from a naval expert, have built up one of London's weekly magazines from the status of a trade paper to that of a national periodical, from a circulation of 20,000 to one of about 100,000. What mammonist would require more palpable evidence of a writer's vogue?

Any public library in this country will testify to the place of G. K. Chesterton. Taking one of his volumes of typical essays, "The Defendant," from a shelf in the New York Public Library, and comparing its date card with that in a widely advertised novel, the writer calculated that in six months "The Defendant" had been borrowed by fourteen readers, while in the same period the novel had been read twenty-two times. A similar comparison in an up-state town library, between "Tremendous Trifles" and the same novel, produced practically the same result. This proportion is highly flattering to Mr. Chesterton as a stimulator of American thought, and concretely expresses his position before this country's intelligent class of readers. And it is further interesting because a similar examination at a London suburban borough library gave Mr. Chesterton's volume a proportionately less extended circulation.

Cecil Chesterton naturally shares some of his brother's great prestige; but quite apart from G. K. Chesterton's achievements it is indisputable that Cecil Chesterton

would have become a prominent figure, and this not only in British journalism. He came to the front quite dramatically in connection with the Marconi uproar, and he discusses his escape from a penal sentence with a frankness that convinces the hearer of his absolute honesty.

Bernard Shaw extols his fabulous supermen as creatures of gross virtues and heroic vices. But if he would take a good look at one of his own ideals he would not refer to such well-dead characters as Don Juan or conjure up freaks whose utter wit and rationalism bore everybody, including themselves. He would merely leave Adelphi Terrace by taxicab, take train at Paddington for Beaconsfield, and there stop at Overroads and inquire for Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Or perhaps a simpler process would be to go down the Strand to Essex Street and see Cecil Chesterton. For the Chestertons are typical supermen inasmuch as they enjoy indulging the common weakness for tobacco, beefsteak and wholesome liquor. Or he might see Mr. Belloc at the Reform Club, and he would find a man who relishes light wine, and whose clean complexion and robustness shows the admirable digestion of skilfully cooked meats.

Mr. Shaw would find these gentlemen quite as brilliant and interesting in their conversation as any of his characters. They would show him very clearly why the Socialism he advocates is not only impracticable, but immoral; that the servility of the incompetent and ill-born and ill-bred is not only a pernicious gospel to preach, but also an untrue one; that submission to a divinely instituted spiritual yoke is not a comic kow-towing, but a glorious liberty. And they would demonstrate the necessity of religious dogma without employing any of the dogmatism that Mr. Shaw uses to emphasize the necessity of Fabianism.

And after this, if Mr. Shaw were informed that it was one very powerful phase of his own skepticism that commenced the conversion of Cecil Chesterton to Catholicism the versatile cynic might be led to a course of retrospection and research that would lead to final repentance for his many brilliant blasphemies.

Even if all the brilliant writers of the world were Shavian in their outlook upon spirituality and clung to the prescription that a full stomach is the prerequisite of a flowing soul the number of intelligent persons attending Mass, receiving Communion, and gaining Indulgences would not be diminished in the least. But when we have brains just as brilliant as those of the leading materialists, connected with hearts a good deal more charitable than theirs; when we have men of great versatility, catholic wit, and magnificent simplicity, we may say that any battle of brains will go to the side that has simplicity, for this is philosophically a Divine attribute, and even pragmatically a human virtue.

G. K. Chesterton is not yet a professed Catholic, and when the writer made bold to ask him to confirm or deny the rumor of his reception into the Church he politely declined to discuss the matter. But were he a communi-

cant, Mr. Chesterton could hardly be more serviceable to the Church. Some day the world will receive his confession of faith. It may be a posthumous monograph; it may be a brilliant book: but I am quite sure that its central substance will be the "Credo," and its final apostrophe will be the tri-prayer of *Pater Noster*, *Ave Maria* and "Gloria," a child's penance.

In the United States the Catholic population is proportionately much larger than in England. We see how Providence is adapting the means to the great end. Here the good fight is being fought by a multitude of zealous men, bishops, priests and laymen, by pen and tongue, press and pulpit. No laymen stand out preeminently as expounders of Catholic philosophy, although all industriously contribute to the general effect. In England they have no Knights of Columbus. Zealous clergy and laity they have; but their condition and their temperament differ from America's. In England giants must champion a cause before that peripatetic pessimist, the man in the street, will halt his running and reading and find time for a little cool thought. England has her giants. And by giants are not meant the colossal, immeasurable intellects that find no repose save between the rubber walls of a mad-house cell; but men whose heads are longer than their opponents', and whose hearts are simpler and kinder to a degree that renders the term appropriate by comparison.

England is only just turning upward from her plunge into the treacherous sea of world-strife. The light glimmers fathoms ahead. She is a strong swimmer, and should reach it. Philosophical schools and religious sections will be thrust to the background by the pressure of political and economic problems once peace is restored. But they will eventually reappear, strong and clamoring for the spiritual allegiance of Englishmen. In that day, when Catholicism, the Establishment, and the sects face the ordeal of a nation's hunger for religious satisfaction, the influence of the Chestertons, Hilaire Belloc and their intellectual disciples will point like a way-post to Rome.

The Women of France and the War

BARBARA DE COURSON

LIKE all trials of unusual magnitude, the great war has brought out the best and worst traits of character in those whom it most deeply touches. Certain characteristics are apt to slumber below the surface in times of peace. They are fanned into flame by an unprecedented ordeal, and possibilities that prosperity left untouched are called into play by the necessities of the moment.

This is the case among the women of France at the present time. They have suffered from a trial that has now lasted over two years, yet they are bravely grappling with it. Their attitude has surprised those who judged the average French woman from the loose plays and novels scattered broadcast through Europe. It did not astonish others, who seeing France from within, know how, in provincial circles especially, there exists, in the home,

where the influence of a wife and mother is generally paramount, a deep sense of discipline, respect, and fidelity to tradition. To French women in general, serious or frivolous, the great war has brought new experiences and responsibilities. As a rule they have met them with praiseworthy courage. A woman whom the war has not touched is an anomaly amongst us. With few exceptions, those who have been spared personal loss, devote themselves to bear the burdens of others less fortunate.

We have written already of the courage with which our peasant women faced new responsibilities and tasks. Their sisters of the French aristocracy and bourgeoisie, have discharged other duties. Their attitude is no less admirable than that of their humbler sisters. A large proportion of them have enrolled themselves in one or other of the three associations of the Red Cross, either as nurses or as auxiliaries. Statistics are uninteresting in themselves, but they are the groundwork of any really accurate report. We shall therefore support our statements by a few trustworthy figures.

When the war broke out the "Société de Secours aux Blessés Militaires," the oldest and most important of the three groups of the French Red Cross, placed 20,000 beds at the disposal of the wounded soldiers. This branch of the Red Cross has now 42,000 members and 796 hospitals, representing 70,000 beds. The Society is also responsible for 93 *postes de secours* or temporary ambulances, established close to the firing-line, for the "hospital Elisabeth," at Calais, for a hospital near Hyères for wounded officers and another for the *mutilés de la guerre*.

The existence of these hospitals implies the active service, not only of many Red Cross nurses, but of doctors, chaplains, accountants, etc., all volunteers giving their services gratuitously. The nurses alone of this branch now number 15,060. Three thousand of these have been lent to the French military hospitals. To the 15,060 women, who are graduate nurses, must be added 11,480 others employed in humbler tasks, but whose whole heart is in their work and whose generous self-sacrifice has been publicly recognized.

"The Union des Femmes de France," the second Society, has 353 hospitals representing 29,000 beds. Its members are closely affiliated to the Army Medical Service, whose deficiencies they endeavor to supply out of the funds of the "Union." The "Association des Dames Françaises" provides for 368 hospitals and for temporary posts, established at railway stations, for the purpose of assisting our soldiers from the front. The members of the French Red Cross do not confine themselves to nursing the wounded; they have also founded certain centers in Paris, that provide clothes, books and games for the prisoners in Germany and that feed and lodge homeless convalescent soldiers.

When we remember that Red Cross services are given gratuitously, we may realize what thousands of women are doing in France at the present day. But statistics, at the best, are soulless things, unless personal experience gives them life. As I write there rise up before me the faces of some of the women, whom I know, whose humble, persevering, self-sacrificing work I have been privileged to witness. One, over sixty years of age, the widow of a well-known general, has, for more than two years, left her comfortable home, with its refined surroundings, to take up her post in a hospital, where all day she is busy in the lingerie department over which she presides. She lives close to her hospital among most uncomfortable and depressing surroundings. To these material discomforts which the Marquise de X never stops to count, are added the trials caused by the war, the deaths of two promising young soldier sons, the last of their name and race! Yet our Red Cross worker never flags, never takes a holiday. The days come and go, she remains at her post, serving the living, praying for the dead and expending upon our maimed and broken fighting men the love that can no longer be poured out on her own dead soldiers. Another worker, also a widow, has an only son. During tragic weeks and months, the post, where he

was stationed, was the spot where the war raged most fiercely and those who lived with his mother, marveled at her courage. Except that her prayers were longer, her devotion to her work more devout, none would have guessed that the fate of her boy was trembling in the balance! So far, his mother's perpetual prayers, for her work was in itself a prayer, have, like angel wings, guarded the young soldier from harm.

Others have had more tragic experiences. At Arras and at Reims, Red Cross nurses have been killed or wounded, others have died of contagious diseases, caught from their patients. In both cases they rank as victims of charity; they fell at their appointed post. Critics will say that a few examples do not suffice to make a complete picture. They may hint that some women went in for Red Cross work from vanity, love of excitement and notoriety. To the first objection, we answer that all those who see France from within, marvel at the attitude of the majority of her women. The frivolous have become self-sacrificing; the idle, industrious; the selfish, generous. The transformation may be noticed in all classes of the nation. The second objection held good at the beginning of the war, but, after two years of continued trial, only the real workers are steady at their post. The others have wearied and abandoned it: they are the minority and their withdrawal leaves no blank.

The Red Cross workers who are in direct touch with our soldiers find certain compensations for their strenuous task. They are brought close to the stern realities of war, to its most heroic aspects. The task of thousands of other women who are also enrolled in the Red Cross societies, is more obscure, but no less worthy. These women, the *auxiliaires* of every big hospital, write letters, keep accounts, make up parcels, answer questions and supply information or simply, like the charming wife of a general we know, industriously mend tattered uniforms, making the humble task beautiful by the sweetness and gaiety with which it is accomplished. This particular worker lost a son early in the war, but like most of our bereaved wives and mothers, her own loss has widened her charity towards our soldiers. Another form of charity appeals to some young girls and women. They have adopted a *filleur de guerre*, a war godson, to whom they extend moral and material assistance. The military chiefs and military chaplains are generally responsible for these "godsons." The mere fact of wearing a uniform does not imply that its wearer possesses every virtue, and uncautious "godmothers" may have regretted their too prompt adoption of a fighting man. The godsons vouched for by the authorities or by certain trustworthy newspapers, such as *La Croix*, are generally soldiers from the invaded districts. Since they joined their post in August, 1914, many of them have received neither letters nor parcels from their families and are left to face a terrific ordeal without the encouragement that comes from home. We know many of these lonely men, whose hardest trial is the absence of news from those whom they love. Their godmother does her best to fill the empty place. She writes encouraging letters, sends little presents and makes her godson realize that some one still cares for him.

Personal knowledge enables us to speak of the extraordinary generosity of some of these godmothers, women of the people who earn their living, young working girls who stint themselves of every pleasure that their soldier may have extra food and warm clothing. And their generosity is poured out, not on a brother or friend or fiancé, but on an unknown fighting man.

We might quote letters that prove the moral effect of the godmother's influence, how her letters and cheery encouragements keep alive the light of faith and the flame of patriotism in the heart of the solitary soldier. We can only add that to the godmothers themselves their generosity brings even greater blessings than those bestowed on their godsons. To these obscure givers, who make no show of their generosity, the war has brought an elevating influence that must ennoble their whole lives.

These are some of the details of a picture that must rejoice the real friends of France. These friends know how French novels and plays were often interpreted as being typical of French society in general, whereas they portrayed but a small section, the least influential and interesting.

It is impossible to present any one type of womanhood as embodying the spirit of a nation. The typical French woman, even in the eyes of those who know and love her best, is, like all other women, made up of lights and shadows. But at present surely the light predominates. It radiates against the somber background and must win respect and sympathy for the women who are generously and bravely carrying the burden of this terrible war and all that it implies.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The Ethics of a Doctor's Fee

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A current rumor plunges *Paterfamilias* into a Stygian gloom that not even the joy of Christmastide can dispel. It is to the effect that, owing to the cost of high living, the doctors are considering a united movement to uplift their fees. A sad, dispiriting perusal of old files of checks and receipts had prompted the illusion that the limit had been attained in this direction, but man never is but always to be propitiated.

Apropos of this topic several distinguished medicos have entertained and instructed the readers of AMERICA on a variety of subjects, educational, political, statistical, economic, sociological and what not else. Now could not some theological doctor, learned in the law and the profits, tell us something about the ethics of a doctor's fee? Are there any moral regulations restrictive of that elastic charge; or does it rest only on a basis like that of the famous railroad rating, "All that the traffic will bear"?

Yonkers, N. Y.

M. D.

Justice to Huerta

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the communication from John P. Davin, M. D., published in AMERICA for December 16, there appear two very interesting paragraphs, as follows:

In the *pourparlers* which ensued early in the Democratic Administration between Mexico and our Government, General Huerta was given to understand that objections to him personally might be waived, if he would give proof that Catholicism would have no power under his Government. He pointed out in reply that the Catholic clergyman in Mexico could not display any outward sign of his calling, while the Protestant clergyman was freely permitted to do so. He was a Catholic himself but he had no friends and only a few acquaintances among the Catholic clergy. With none of these did he ever speak of politics, and rarely did he himself visit a church. The Church was then, and would be thereafter, practically without a vestige of political power or influence.

Asking what pledge would be required of him to satisfy our Government of his sincerity, he was told that an official affiliation with a secret society hostile to Catholicism would be a sufficient guaranty of his fidelity. On this occasion he again proved himself to be anything but the "mute" which he was afterwards called by the disbeliever in the good qualities of even the hero of Valley Forge. Though a bad Catholic himself and even then without the pale of his Church, General Huerta would not deny the religion in which he was born and in which, perhaps, by the grace of God he might at last die. This he would not deny even to oblige the United States.

It would be of great historic value and interest if these assertions were followed by the documentary proofs, to which I do not

doubt Dr. Davin has had access. Will you please request Dr. Davin to furnish copies of these documents, or to state where they may be found for consultation?

Chicago.

EBER COLE BYAM.

Manual of Prayers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As regards the true text for prayers, all must agree with Father Van der Donckt, the more so as Rome has spoken very recently. The decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, dated June 22, 1916, says: "Any formulas of prayers, praises, invocations, etc., enriched with indulgences by the Holy See, are entirely deprived of the granted indulgences by any addition, subtraction of interpolation." Allow me to call attention to other mistakes still left in the "Manual of Prayer." On pages 65 and 68, in the *Sub tuum*, the word *nostris* should be eliminated from the phrase *necessitatibus nostris*, according to a decree of the Congregation of Rites; on page 66 the invocation *Mater boni consilii*, should be inserted after *Mater admirabilis*, as stated by Father Van der Donckt; on page 68 for the prayer *Gratiam tuam* should be substituted the prayer *Concede nos* (page 194); on page 105 after the words of praise, "Blessed be the Name of Jesus" should be inserted "Blessed be His Most Sacred Heart." In preparing prayer books, the official sources should be carefully consulted.

Denver.

A. L.

Questions Concerning Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A few days since, I was a participant in a discussion of what is called the "prohibition wave," and was very much surprised at some arguments, or rather statements, which were made by one whom I consider a well educated and very intelligent Catholic. This gentleman stated that liquor is a God-given gift, and that no one should be deprived of it, or rather the means of securing it, by any act of legislation. I stated in all sincerity, and it is my belief, that liquor, in itself, is not a God-given gift and asked the gentleman referred to, to give me some evidence as to where God had given this gift to mankind. He did not do so.

This same man also declared that Christ, while upon earth never spoke against liquor, but in fact gave it his tacit approval by changing the water into wine at the wedding feast. I, of course, know that Christ somewhere condemned drunkards, and it has always been my belief that the wine at the wedding feast was an unfermented wine. Further, my friend affirmed that there were more drunkards proportionately at the time of Christ than there are at the present time, or rather than there were before the above mentioned prohibition wave. I am not a prohibitionist or even a total abstainer, but in the discussion of any question I like to know the facts as far as they can be historically obtained. Most of all, I do not like to have any issue clouded by misstatements. What is the truth in regard to the problems mentioned above?

Chicago.

W. U. F.

Santa Claus

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent issue of AMERICA there appeared two items which interested me greatly. As to the first, "Is There a Santa Claus?" may I ask you to republish my personal information on the subject, as communicated a short time ago to the *Denver Catholic Register*:

A priest the other day broke the heart of many a little child, when he declared that "there is no Santa Claus"! Yet, now is the time when the question, as every year, will bob up serenely. The trouble is that our American, or rather Puritan, and un-Catholic, Santa Claus, is in reality a travesty, and was intended by our Pilgrim Fathers and their successors to offset the Catholic Christmas. Originally, Santa Claus had nothing to do with Christmas. The fact is that the Santa Claus celebration always took place, at least in the Old World, on December 6, the feast of St.

Nicholas, the Bishop, and a great friend of children. I may here remark that our "Santa" is a faulty spelling, the "a" being a feminine ending; the original German is "Sankt Klaus," and "Santy Claus" would be more reasonable. On the eve of that day, a man dressed as a bishop and accompanied by a servant ringing a bell, would visit all the houses and, whilst the children would be all expectancy, he would deposit presents or a switch in the shoe or on the plate of each child, according as the children had been good or naughty. Such was the custom in Holland, in Germany, and even in England. In the latter country, at Sarum for instance, it was customary to dress the best of the altar boys as a bishop, to place him on the bishop's throne and let him distribute presents to his companions. Now, out of this beautiful tradition our New England bigots made a strange mess; their ridiculous, if kindly, Santa Claus, on the wrong day, i.e., Christmas, took the place of the Christ Child; and this Christ Child, in German *Christ Kindlein*, was travestied into "Chris Kringle," the no less ridiculous companion of Santy Claus. The present writer, when a child, somewhere in Europe, was more than once an actor in the above Christian celebration of St. Nicholas Day, December 6, but never saw a Santa Claus on Christmas, when he was all busy with the Christ Child and the Crib of Bethlehem. It were time we came back to the Catholic custom, then, we should not doubt that "there is a Santy Claus"!

Will Catholics adopt this suggestion?

Denver.

A. B.

The Origin of Human Life

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Dr. O'Malley's interesting discussion concerning the origin of human life calls for further elucidation of a point that is not made clear in his article. He says: "By a very complicated process this single cell and the nucleus divide into two united cells . . . the two split into four, the four into eight, and so on. Then by some process, unknown to us, these new cells begin to differentiate . . . and fall into ordered positions." Up to the period of differentiation the process is evidently common to all multi-cellular animals. It would be interesting to know at what age this differentiation takes place. For while "the basic vital operation of the human body at any age is . . . the assimilation of material which will build up the body," still it seems that the operation up to the age when the cells take their ordered positions must be essentially different, or at least does produce an essentially different result, from that which takes place afterwards. For after differentiation an eye remains an eye, and an ear an ear, and the whole human organism remains differentiated and fixed.

If the axiom, *Omne recipitur secundum modum recipientis*, is to be accepted it might seem that the *in-principio-creavit-Deus*-momentum given the embryo, develops it and prepares it to receive the spiritual soul only at the age when it may be said to function in a human way. *Formavit igitur Dominus Deus hominem de limo terrae, et inspiravit in faciem ejus* (a differentiation) *spiraculum vitae, et (deinde) factus est homo in animam viventem.* (Gen. ii:7.) *Sed non prius quod spiritale est sed quod animale: deinde quod spiritale* (1 Cor. xv:46).

This whole question does not seem to me to be one that depends for its solution upon the technical knowledge of the processes of embryological growth, but rather it is a question of fact. If, as theologians teach, God creates a spiritual soul for each new human body, it is evident that the Divine fiat goes into effect only at the moment when the human body is prepared to receive it. At what particular time that event actually takes place I do not pretend to know. Dr. O'Malley's defense of his thesis is an interesting physiological study "of the processes of embryological growth," but does not determine the fact of the precise time the immortal soul enters the body. A venerable tradition, upheld by many eminent saints and scholars, should not be dismissed without the fullest possible consideration.

Portland, Oregon.

W. S. D.

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Jimmy's First Whisky

NOT many mothers count that day happy on which they learn that Jimmy, aged seventeen, has taken his first whisky. To stop her tears Jimmy argues that "it is not a sin to take a drink"; that he is "not going to abuse liquor"; that he knows "when to stop." Alas, poor, inexperienced Jimmy! He does not know that every man who has ended by preferring drink to his wife, his children, his family, his country, his honor, and his God, began with the same old excuses. Jimmy's protestations ring hollow. He is not making a man of himself, as he fondly thinks, but only setting himself a large and liberal handicap in life. Jimmy looks at the red of the rye and laughs. Mother looks at Jimmy and weeps. Through the glow of the glass, Jimmy sees nothing but happiness. Mother sees one of many broad ways leading to sin and disgrace. Mother is right. Mothers usually are.

Of course, Jimmy may never fill a drunkard's grave. He may only emulate that New York brute who on Christmas Eve in the year of grace, 1916, came home drunk and threw his wife and little children into the frozen streets. With due care and attention from our best distillers and most capable "rounders," he may some day measure up to the stature of that other eminent brute, who after a roystering night with royal good fellows, came home to murder the unfortunate mother of his unfortunate children. There is no end to the possibilities of the course which Jimmy inaugurates so joyfully with his first whisky. After he has "gone the limit," he may straighten up, and become a useful, even notable, member of society. But one cannot help feeling that the chances are against him.

After some generations of too patient tolerance, it ought to be fairly clear that the liquor traffic in this country needs a thorough housecleaning. The official heads of

the business admit this statement, and are endeavoring, sincerely, it is to be hoped, to turn the cleansing stream through the noisome stables of the trade. In the meantime, some of the underlings are adopting tactics of a different kind. In Minnesota, a distillery solicits from rural mail carriers "lists of boys likely to become patrons." Another company advocates a thoroughly vile whisky as "a wonderful youth and health preserver, valuable for nervous, run-down women and undeveloped children," which is about as black a lie as was ever put in print. The sinister suggestion which it conveys is developed by another company which recommends its product for "hard-playing, growing boys," and urges the trade to stimulate a taste for alcohol among women.

No doubt, those who assert that alcohol is essentially evil are lineal descendants of the Manicheans, and have no home in the Catholic Church. Only the abuse of liquor is sinful, and it is quite conceivable that a man may glorify God by partaking of His creature, wine, with a thankful heart. Yet for most persons, alcohol leads by a tortuous route to tender piety, while the endeavor to spread a taste for whisky among "hard-playing, growing boys," and "nervous women," is little less than diabolical. Perhaps it appeals to poor foolish Jimmy, but what of Jimmy's mother? Who is right? Jimmy *may* turn out to be a great saint. But considering the histories of other Jimmies, it seems probable that Jimmy's chances of a halo were considerably lessened when he took his first whisky.

New York Physicians and Birth Control

THE New York County Medical Society has proved true to the high traditions of the medical profession. On December 26, by a vote of 210 to 72, the Society condemned the proposed amendment to section 1142 of the Penal Code, which forbids giving information on contraceptives. The session was not a packed meeting, nor was the vote of the Society given without due consideration, for, three months ago, a committee of nine was appointed to study the question. The majority report against birth control was signed by six physicians, Drs. Abraham Jacobi, A. L. Goldwater and S. A. Tannenbaum voting in the minority. The committee believes that an approval of this movement would have "a most unfortunate effect on the minds of the public," that the methods urged would not, as is claimed, "solve the economic and social problems of the day," that "if used indiscriminately, as they undoubtedly would, they will result in untold harm to the community," and ends by severely condemning "the senseless and sensational propaganda" by which the movement has been presented to the public. New York for once has set the example to the rest of the country. The principal paragraphs of this important report are as follows:

We claim that no satisfactory evidence has been adduced by the propagandists, who favor regulating the control of births, to

show any necessity for giving recognition by law. A movement of this kind will undoubtedly have a most unfortunate effect on the minds of the public in general, and we do not believe that small families, especially among the poor classes, will bring about, as claimed, a solution of the economic and social problems of the day.

The creation of a family cannot be governed by legal procedure, no matter how well intentioned. The statistics brought forward in favor of legal regulation are derived from foreign sources that have no application in this country. Many of the foreign procedures which have been copied and promulgated by those who have attempted the movement in this country can only be characterized as absurd and frequently dangerous. If indiscriminately employed, as they undoubtedly would be if any change were made in the law, they will result in untold harm to the community.

The undersigned members of the committee firmly believe that any such action (as the proposed amendment of the law) on the part of the organized medical profession would be most inappropriate and uncalled for at any time, and particularly so at the present moment, when a senseless and sensational propaganda relative to this important matter is being circulated by so-called popular but very doubtful methods.

Catholics know that since conscious birth restriction is intrinsically evil, no supposed necessity, however great, can serve to justify it. With all decent citizens of whatever creed, they heartily congratulate the New York Medical Society on its decided condemnation of a movement which, in effect, is a direct attack upon morality.

A New View of Catholicism

PANEGYRICS of the so-called Reformation will be in order during the coming year. Efforts will be made to throw a halo of sanctity about the movement. It is to be hoped, however, that the recent article of the *Outlook* is not a sample of the extravagance to which we shall be submitted. In the issue for December 6, the writer endeavors to define the meaning of the movement and assures his readers that the Reformation "was a great awakening of man to his personal responsibility to God."

By some strange psychological process he waives the difficulty created by the fact that both Luther and Calvin denied the freedom of the will, and by so doing swept away effectively the very foundation of responsibility. He forgot apparently that at the root of all religion, even of such degraded forms of it as animism and the worship of Moloch, there lies the consciousness of man's responsibility to his Creator, that the sense of the pressure of the will of the Divine Lawgiver on every human will begins with the use of reason, and that man's realization of his personal accountability to God is one of the inevitable perceptions even of groping intellects. Personal responsibility to God is as old as the human race. It is written on almost every page of the Scriptures, it is the ubiquitous accompaniment of Christianity, flowering in every age in astonishing sanctity, in heroic martyrdom and in religious vocations. And yet the writer in the *Outlook* calmly declares that it began with the sixteenth century.

Had he confined his remarks to the speculative order, no one would have taken him seriously; but he tried to bolster up a bad theory by a worse example. Behold, he says, the Protestant and the Catholic. The former is professedly responsible to God; the latter, to the Church and the priesthood. This will be news to Catholics. They will be surprised to learn that their responsibility to God is not immediate, direct and personal, but "mediate through the Church and the priesthood." It is ridiculous for any one to maintain that the Church comes between the soul and God, merely because it voices the Divine commands and insists on their fulfilment; but it is doubly so for the *Outlook* to hold such a theory in the very article in which it declares that the conscience, which performs precisely the same function, has the power to efface itself and allow the soul to go directly to God. In point of fact both conscience and the Church are divinely appointed heralds that gently but inexorably proclaim the soul's direct, immediate and personal responsibility to the Divine Lawgiver.

One would think that this were travesty enough of the Church. But further surprises are in store for the reader of the *Outlook*, as he meets the following:

Whenever a Roman Catholic recognizes the authority of his conscience as superior to the authority of the Church on any ethical or spiritual subject, there is in that recognition the germ of a possible Protestant; and whenever a Protestant sets aside his own conscience or his own reason in obedience to the dictates of the Church to which he belongs, there is in that self-abnegation the relic of a past Romanism.

What could be plainer? When a man acts according to his conscience or his reason, he is in spirit a Protestant; when he does not act according to his conscience or his reason he is in spirit a Catholic. This from the *Outlook*, the professed molder of public opinion! And yet what can be expected from the pen of a man who confesses that his whole preparation for the ministry consisted in reading a few books? Nothing except twaddle supported by blind, insufferable dogmatism.

Loss Is Gain

AT the first convention of the newly-founded Missionary Association of Catholic Women, recently held at Milwaukee, Father Thunten, O.P., wisely based his argument for the promotion of the mission cause upon the gain which this propaganda will bring to the Church in America. Our parishes in city and country are to a great extent firmly established. A new incentive is needed to quicken our spiritual life and infuse into the hearts of American Catholics that spirit of apostolic zeal which alone can give to us a vitality and spiritual strength corresponding to our growth in numbers.

Belgium, as the speaker pointed out, became none the poorer for sending a De Smet to the Indians and a Damien to the lepers. France did not suffer because she sacrificed for us a Jogues and a Marquette. Austria was

the richer for giving us a Salzmann and Baraga. Ireland reached the height of her material and intellectual prosperity, no less than of her spiritual splendor, in those ages of apostolic fervor when her missionaries went forth by legions to evangelize the earth. So the strength and progress of the Church in the United States will depend to no small extent upon infusing into her children that same missionary zeal. Nothing less can make the heart throb and the pulse beat high for the conquest of the world in the name of Christ, and, therefore, for the spiritual conquest of our own land as well.

Here, then, is one way to make America Catholic. Cultivate a missionary eagerness which will manifest itself in a largeness of alms and a multitude of vocations for the conversion of the nations afar, still seated in darkness and the shadow of death. Any apparent loss at home will be our surest gain. What we can never effect by selfish concentration, we may be able to obtain, through the blessing of God, by that apostolic generosity which is the hallmark of perfect zeal. Penny-wise and pound-foolish is the liberality which confines itself to parish, city or country. Above all it is not Catholic. Every household should be earnestly encouraged to set aside a substantial portion of its yearly earnings for the mission cause. This will be the best investment that can possibly be made for the home, the parish and the country. Our loss will become a tenfold gain.

The North Carolina Club

AT the State University of North Carolina, there is an association called "The North Carolina Club." Its purpose is a thorough study and knowledge of the history, the agricultural and mineral resources, the social and economic problems of the State. Its members believe that one of their first duties is to be thoroughly acquainted with those conditions in which God has cast their lot and in which they will have to work out their destiny.

The North Carolina Club is an admirable institution. Its members are to be congratulated for having conceived and organized it. It should quickly find imitators and rivals in other States. American history would be greatly benefited by such clubs devoted to research into local and State annals, while economic, educational and social problems would be put in the way of final solution. No man can afford to remain in ignorance of the conditions which prevail at his own door, nor can he, in justice and fairness, try to solve mighty questions affecting strangers, while he is ignorant of the interests and the welfare of his neighbors.

There is a lesson here for Catholics. As their very name implies, they are the members of a Church which numbers its children in every nation and in every race under the sun. As such their interests are world-wide. Yet it is one of their duties to become acquainted with the religious, social, educational and even economic con-

ditions round about them. It is a common complaint that they leave the study and the management of such burning questions to others, that they are listless and indifferent to them and to the mighty issues which they involve. Using their right and fulfilling their duty as American citizens, they should help to shape the destinies and the policies of the circle, wide or narrow, in which they move. A thorough knowledge of the problems which affect their own lives and the lives of the men and women around them is for them a duty. Only through that knowledge will they be able to suggest or work out a sound and practical solution. For knowledge is power. If possessed by the unprincipled, or by men of low standards of conduct, that knowledge becomes an instrument of evil and of death. If used by those who have a higher concept of life and its obligations, a nobler idea of duty, truth, morality and law, it will become an irresistible factor for all that is great and good.

In the mighty battle between virtue and evil now raging in the world, Catholics cannot afford to remain indifferent or neutral. They are needed on the side of those fighting under the banner of right and truth. But we know too well now that men who go into the trenches ill prepared, badly drilled and poorly munitioned, are doomed to defeat. Preparedness is by this time a trite and much abused word. But for us preparation is absolutely necessary. Knowledge of the conditions of warfare actually prevailing in our own narrow zone of operations is imperative. The young men who founded the North Carolina Club teach us a valuable lesson. Catholics should take it to heart.

The Cult of Cacophony

IN his excellent essay on "Pencraft, a Plea for the Older Ways," Mr. William Watson passes just strictures on those very modern versifiers who would regard being called "literary" as the last insult. He writes:

In a shoemaker the habit of making shoes reasonably well is not thought a more insuperable bar to profound or impassioned vision than is the practice of making them villainously ill; but in a verse-maker the tendency to make verses which conform to accepted standards of shapeliness would appear to be regarded by many as a fundamental disqualification for any luminous insight into life or nature, while such insight is looked upon as something to be quite naturally predicated of one whose work defies all metrical morphology and even refuses to submit to the indignity of scansion. . . . Certain of our Georgian singers, and even one or two poets whose roots go down into late-Victorian antiquity, are so haunted by a dread of smoothness that they have very nearly erected cacophony into a cult. . . . There must have been a deep instinct for beauty and order in the race that could create so magnificent an instrument as the English language, but whether that instinct has kept much of its original force may well be doubted when we see the extraordinary preference for the lower levels of speech, the depraved love of the unlovely in word and phrase, nay, the unchecked and applauded search for verbal ugliness, which are among the signs of our times.

The free-verse makers and the writers of undiluted

"journalese" whom Mr. Watson castigates in the foregoing quotations will doubtless smile indulgently at his zeal for the older ways, will frankly own that he is quite right about the character of the new modes, but they will urge in their own defense that the literary forms of yesterday are hopelessly obsolete now and can no longer be used to interpret the life of today. The verse and prose we write, they will say, deal with realities. We consider the language of common speech highly suitable for the purposes of poetry. Our tireless quest is for the "exact word," no matter how "unliterary" it may be, we aim to produce poetry that is "hard," "clear," "concentrated," and replete with "images." We insist upon being permitted to express our "individuality unhampered" and on being allowed "absolute freedom in the choice of a subject." Nothing must be banned or barred. Moreover, to express ugly facts, ugly words must be used, and unlovely scenes are best described in unlovely terms.

Every fair-minded critic will commend the attitude taken by writers of the new schools toward whatever is artificial and insincere in literary expression. But other principles of theirs, if reduced to practice, would be no less fatal to true art as subversive of Christian morality. The commonplace, the ugly and the sordid are by no means the poet's legitimate field, unless they are artistically used to emphasize by contrast what is fair and good. For his mission is first to discern the beautiful and then to express it in beautiful language. As for the modern schools' plea for "absolute freedom in the choice of subject," if that principle were once generally admitted and practised, it is clear that the door would be opened to abuses of the gravest kind. For we are no more free of course to write what we like than we may do, say, or think what we like. God's Commandments are as binding on the imagist as on the old-fashioned poet. The cult of cacophony must not be allowed to produce discord in the domain of morals.

Literature

"SALVETE, FLORES MARTYRUM"

THE *Stabat Mater* weeps with our Blessed Lady beneath the Cross; the *Dies Irae* kneels, contrite and fearful, at the feet of the all-pure God: "Oh Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" is its prayer; the *Pange, Lingua, Gloriosi* bows low in adoration, "Holy, holy, holy," the burden of its praise; but the Church's liturgy is not always sad, or even intensely serious. The "*Salvete, Flores Martyrum*," sweet song of one of the sweetest of all feasts, is almost playful in its joyousness. The nearness of the Child and Mary, His mother, is evident in every line. "God of God, light of light, true God of true God," has nestled within a creature's arms and awe is almost forgotten, so tender has love grown. Forgotten, too, are the pierced hearts of the mothers of Bethlehem, not through lack of sympathy, but because they were healed long ago. Rachel, who bewailed her children, is indeed comforted.

Whether the babes murdered by order of Herod numbered thousands, as some have said, or were comparatively few, as seems more probable, Bethlehem having been but a small place, matters little to us. The spirit of the feast is the same. Christ is born, and already human blood is privileged to flow for Him. Peter and Paul and Andrew, Linus, Cletus, Clement are all to win their ruby crowns, but, as is ever God's way, children are the most highly favored ones. Apostles and popes must wait. Years of probation are needed to make them worthy to die for the Lamb. The innocence of the little ones is sufficient preparation. And in the *Salvete* the Church voices the joy and tender pride which swells her maternal heart.

The *Salvete, Flores Martyrum* was not written by a canonized saint, as were the greater number of the liturgical hymns. Prudentius, having led a life successful in men's eyes, and unmarked by any hint of heroic virtue, in his fifty-eighth year, renounced the pleasures and vanities of the world and gave himself up to rigorous asceticism in atonement for his sins. It was in a spirit of penance that he wrote his *Cathemerinon*, parts of which were destined to be incorporated into the Church's liturgy: an honor no poet would dare to dream. It is worthy of note that while the fault most frequently charged against him is diffuseness, the two stanzas of the *Salvete, Flores Martyrum* are compact; and

though critics credit the greater number of his verses with power rather than delicacy, the best known of them all are a miracle of lyrical sweetness, fairy-like in texture, a breath—hardly more.

The *Audit Tyrannus Anxius*, assigned for Matins on the feast of the Holy Innocents, and the *Salvete, Flores Martyrum* for Lauds and Vespers, are excerpts from his Hymn XII, in honor of the Epiphany, a poem containing 208 lines, unrhymed, of course, Prudentius having written about 400. Until 1568 the Roman Breviary had no special hymns for this feast. It was the Dominican Pope, St. Pius V, who assigned these, but they have never been adopted by the Carthusians, Cistercians or Dominicans.

At Matins the *Audit Tyrannus Anxius* shows forth the bloody deaths of the favored children. At Lauds the *Salvete* glories in their victory. It consists of but two stanzas from Prudentius, with the addition of the doxology, used at Christmastide:

*Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine—*

In the interest of classical prosody the third line of the second strophe has been made to read, *Aram sub ipsam simplices*, instead of *Aram ante ipsam simplices*, as in the text of Prudentius. The changed form has also the advantage of suggesting the passage of the Apocalypse beginning: "And I heard as it were a voice in the midst of the four living creatures."

There are at least twenty-five English versions of the hymn, about half of them by Catholic poets, Father Henry, ardent lover of the gems of the liturgy, having given us a beautiful one. D. J. Donahoe's translation runs thus:

Hail, tender wreath of flowers, whose day
Of beauty, crossed by tyrant spite,
Was offered, as a budding spray
Of roses to the Lord of light.

Yours was the foremost glory given
To martyrdom, O shining throng,
Ye play amid the halls of Heaven
With palm and crown in holy song.

Neale's version, used in the Marquis of Bute's Roman Breviary, also retains the meter of the original:

All hail! ye infant Martyr flowers!
Cut off in life's first dawning hours,
As rosebuds snapped in tempest strife,
When Herod sought your Saviour's life.

But the loveliest of all the translations is Father Caswall's, the Oratorian to whom we owe so great a debt for his translation of many of the Church's hymns:

Flowers of martyrdom, all hail!
Smitten by the tyrant foe
On life's threshold—as the gale
Strews the roses ere they blow.

First to bleed for Christ, sweet lambs!
What a simple death ye died!
Sporting with your wreath and palms
At the very altar-side!

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son,
With the Father, and the Spirit
While eternal ages run.—Amen.

Thus does Holy Church sound the praises of these little "Flowers of Martyrs," who confessed Our Infant Saviour "not by speaking but by dying," and for this reward, as Venerable Bede sings, "Around His throne now stand glittering in their fair bright-robcs, these Innocents that washed their garments red in the Blood of the Lamb."

FLORENCE GILMORE.

REVIEWS

A Brief History of Poland. By JULIA SWIFT ORVIS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

Poland. A STUDY IN NATIONAL IDEALISM. By MONICA M. GARDINER. London: Burns & Oates. 4s.

The sorrows of Poland during the present war, the future which awaits her after the great contest is over, are two of the saddest and most engrossing topics of the hour. The two books before us should by their nature and the circumstances in which they are published meet a warm welcome. The first volume gives a compact review of Polish history from the remotest times down to the present hour. The second is an attempt to analyze the ideals, the hopes and the aspirations of the martyr-nation, through a study of its great poets of the nineteenth century.

The author of "A Brief History of Poland" is associate professor of history in Wellesley College. While the book makes no pretense at scholarly or independent investigation, it presents in clear style and orderly narration the main facts of the stirring epic and the woful tragedy of Poland's national life. The various chapters, well defined in scope and purpose, trace out the era of "Beginnings" from 962 until 1386, the era of "Greatness" (1386-1572), during which the Jagiellon sovereigns ruled the destinies of the kingdom, the era of "Decline" in which the internal and external disasters caused by the elective monarchy paved the way for the partition of the unhappy country (1763-1795). There are also to be found a study of the Polish society in the eighteenth century, a review of the revolutions of 1830 and 1863 and chapters on the Poles and the war. It will be thus seen that no essential fact of Polish history has been omitted.

The author does justice to the noble qualities of the Polish race and recognizes its splendid services to the cause of civilization and Christianity. A more thorough study of the aims and purposes of the Society of Jesus will undoubtedly induce her to revise her estimate of its conduct and influence in Poland.

According to her, Jesuit intolerance was the partial cause of the ruin of the kingdom. The great Polish Jesuit Skarga was more correct when he foretold that unless his countrymen put an end to their political feuds, rivalries, and petty civil wars, their liberties would be lost and they themselves would become the tools and the slaves of foreign enemies who would put an end to their existence as an independent people.

While reviewing a former book of Miss Gardiner in which she had made a thorough study of the national poet of Poland, Adam Mickiewicz, the Manchester *Guardian* spoke of her as "a devoted and accomplished student of Polish literature." Her present volume entitles her still more to the same well-deserved compliment. She has a highly poetic and romantic theme, with ampler room for emotion and fancy than the fixed limits of chronology and determined fact. But she uses her opportunities with rare skill. She writes with grace, energy and an intelligent sympathy with her theme. She first reviews the story of the last hundred years of Polish history, and like Miss Orvis, she draws a terrible picture of the agonies of an entire nation. She then tells us in a brief chapter on "The National Literature of Poland," that unlike the three great empires of the world, Rome, Spain and England, whose prosperity inspired their golden age of letters, "it was the sorrows of Poland that gave birth to her great romantic song which, for its tragic power, its idealism, no less than its haunting beauty, ranks among the noblest productions of European art." She proves her thesis by a study of the Polish bards of the nineteenth century, Adam Mickiewicz, Zygmunt Krasinski, Julius Slowacki, Bohdan Zaleski, and Kornel Ujejski. Her appreciation of the differences of spirit and inspiration to be found in these writers is sound and reliable, for she has mastered the subject. The translations from such masterpieces as the "Thaddeus" of Mickiewicz, "The Undivine Comedy" and the "Irydion" of Krasinski, Slowacki's "Anielli," bring home to us all the beauty, tenderness, and pathos of these gifted singers. English readers will be grateful to Miss Gardner for making them better acquainted with their ideals and their masterpieces.

J. C. R.

The Commonitorium of St. Vincent of Lerins, edited by REGINALD STEWART MOXON, B.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75.

St. Vincent of Lerins is a favorite with certain Episcopalians, not because he is a saint who would tear to pieces the distasteful official teaching of their sect on the sufficiency of Holy Scripture, but because of his maxim, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, which they fancy makes them invincible in attacking the Catholic Church. They do not understand that in St. Vincent's eyes the infallible teaching authority of General Councils, which do not include heretics, however numerous, and of the Roman Pontiff was an essential part of the *quod*. Thus their theory of a divided Church and their appeal to an undivided Church, past or future, finds no support in St. Vincent's rule. Mr. Moxon sees this, and that, if St. Vincent's maxim is to be a rule of faith, to separate it from an existing infallible teaching authority is impossible. If it is to be the sole rule of faith, a critical instrument each one is to apply for himself, as the Protestant reformers, and their equally Protestant descendants, no matter how high their views, would have it, the result must be the eclecticism of the most extensive private judgment. Catholics, of course, understand St. Vincent's rule quite well. Mr. Moxon, however, will not learn from them; so he comes to this conclusion that it was something tentative only. He "began on the right lines the formulation of the principle of authority. The general consensus of the whole body of Christians must be the basis of any attempt to formulate a canon of orthodoxy," says Mr. Moxon; who confines this con-

sensus to no period of time, in which he is right, and to no particular body of Christians, in which he is utterly wrong. "Each generation," he adds "must recast and restate the facts of the immutable deposit of faith, and then the Vincentian rule contains an eternal truth." In a word, give it a Modernist sense and all will be well. This being Mr. Moxon's idea, we are not surprised at reading: "Today Semipelagianism does not meet with any serious condemnation," He means, of course, outside the Catholic Church. He might have said Pelagianism; for of the modern "restatements of the facts of the immutable deposit of faith," concerning the Fall and the Incarnation, Pelagianism is, to say the least, a necessary consequence. It is needless to add that Mr. Moxon does not fully comprehend the Catholic sense of the maxim of St. Vincent. We are surprised though, that he does not understand the *Disciplina Arcani*, something so historical that a mistake about it is creditable neither to one writing under the auspices of the University of Cambridge nor to the censors of that body. This he calls the instructions given by Christ to the Apostles during the forty days between the Resurrection and the Ascension; and says that Roman controversialists from Bellarmine onward assert that Christ gave His Apostles much minute direction as to the government of the Church which was not written down nor was it intended to be divulged, etc. This is not the place to explain Bellarmine's doctrine which again Mr. Moxon has not comprehended. Suffice it to say that he said something like this, but that it has no connection with the *Disciplina Arcani*, which regards something altogether different. Mr. Moxon's book may have this good effect that from it Christians seriously seeking the truth may learn what has been shown again and again, that between Modernism, which is pure rationalistic evolutionism, and the Catholic Church they will find no standing ground.

H. W.

Chemistry in the Service of Man. By ALEXANDER FINDLAY, M.A., D.Sc., F.I.C. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60.

Twenty-five years ago, few, even of the educated classes, had clear notions of the real scope and functions of chemistry. Many had a hazy impression that medical men should know its theory, and druggists its practice. But of that vast field of manufacture and agriculture for whose successful cultivation chemistry and the application of chemical principles are essential, there was no knowledge. Few realized how much modern society owes to chemistry from an economic and social standpoint. Our present comfort and even the necessities of life are dependent on a knowledge and appreciation of the data furnished by chemistry, and, above all, on the practical application of its principles to industry. The European war has aroused the attention of thinking men to the vital importance of chemical products as a means of national defense, and owing to a shortage of dye-stuffs, medicinal, fertilizers, etc., has brought about a growing recognition of the influence the chemist exerts upon the development of the world's resources even in times of peace.

To enhance this appreciation of the world's debt to chemistry for its material well-being has been the object of Professor Findlay in his timely book, based on the Thomson Lectures delivered at Aberdeen in 1915 before audiences which made no claim to chemical knowledge. As a help to a more profitable understanding of the subject, the author summarizes in the first chapter, the fundamental theories of chemistry. All through the work, as the need arises, we are given in a clear and interesting way the principles by which so many industrial problems have been solved. The author takes us through chapters on combustion, illuminants and explosives, clearly stating the principles of daily phenomena which we too often see but do not notice. He frankly shows the difficulties of the tasks set the chemist, and the frequently fruitless labor of long years, the tireless activity of research, and then records the triumph of

some principle of "pure" chemistry applied to a practical end. The chapter on the colloidal state is of special interest, carrying with it the lucid explanation of the formation of deltas in rivers and telling us why the Mississippi and Missouri are always muddy and why the Ohio, except in time of flood, is clear; the use of straw in the making of brick by the Israelites under Pharaoh, or why dyes are fixed on fabrics. The book as a whole is attractively written and is an orderly presentation of the latest facts and principles of chemistry and their application to industrial processes.

G. L. C.

"The Social Criticism of Literature." GERTRUDE BUCK, Ph. D., Professor of English, Vassar College. Yale University Press. \$1.00 net.

Speaking of "my old acquaintance Merman," Theophrastus Such notes: "What chiefly attracted him in all subjects were the vexed questions which have the advantage of not admitting the decisive proof or disproof that renders many ingenious arguments superannuated." Fortunately for those of us who are of a wrangling disposition there will never lack questions of the kind. And it would seem that the book under review has to do with a topic that will hardly become superannuated, because there will always remain so much to be said by way of assertion and illustration, on the one part, and of counter-assertion and illustration on the other. The question, what is the true criticism, has about all the elements that go to the making of a subject for perennial debate. One must not infer that the author wrangles or is contentious. The book is "urbane" enough, as Matthew Arnold might say; but it is wanting in the prime quality of clearness. Again, one doubts whether Professor Saintsbury's definition, as given on page 13, is superannuated by Miss Buck's argumentation. After all, the rules of art have been "discovered," not "made," and we cannot unmake what constitutes art without unmaking art itself. Hence, we cannot afford to break away from all the old canons as utterly as the author seems to imply we should.

F. J. McN.

The New Purchase. By BAYNARD RUSH HALL. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$2.00.

This is a new edition of a book long out of print, edited by James A. Woodburn of Indiana University. The coming centennial of the acquisition of Indiana from the Indians is the occasion of the republication, though the book in itself is well worth seeing the light again for the interesting insight it gives into conditions of life in the early days of the Middle West. The author writes under a fictitious name, and indeed all the identity of the persons introduced is carefully veiled, but a key to the names is added by the editor. The style is smooth and flowing with a dash of humor which carries the narrative along and makes easy reading. The author was a graduate of Union College, and of the Princeton University Theological Seminary. Life in the district was not easy for a college man. The book is full of his personal adventures, and deals with characters of every social standing from the squatter to the college professor. The hardship of travel owing to inclement weather and perils from highwaymen, the difficulties of the pioneer, his lack of culture, his hospitality, and his rough good-nature are described with a wealth of detail. When a school for higher education was started in 1824, Mr. Hall became its first principal, and his difficulties with discipline, with over-indulgent parents, and with the task of inducing the untutored settlers to give a fair trial to higher education, demonstrate that even in the West learning was not always welcome. The religious life of the people is touched upon here and there, but the author's remarks are confined to the Protestant denominations, which he fell in with on his travels. The book will make an interesting study for the student of early social conditions in the Middle West.

H. B. K.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The "best sellers" for the month of November, as announced by the *Bookman* for January, were "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," Wells; "When a Man's a Man," Wright; "The Wonderful Year," Locke; "Mary 'Gusta," Lincoln; "The World for Sale," Parker, and "Penrod and Sam," Tarkington. All of these books have been noticed by AMERICA except "Mary 'Gusta." This last deserves mention above all the rest. It has nothing in it of the detestable triangle; but is a sweet, wholesome story, old-fashioned in its healthy idealism, in its delineation of the innate nobility of human nature and its simple picture of the best that is in man. There are two old gentlemen in it, nature's noblemen though possessed of little of superficial culture, and a little girl whom every reader regrets at first to see grow up, but in the end is glad of her advancing years, for her childhood turns out to be only a promise and a hint of the glory of her maturity. The story has a strong emotional appeal, with none, however, of the mawkish sentimentality that is the fashion of the day, and is unlike many of the modern novels in being built on the sacrifice of self for others rather than of others to self.

Hector Malot is said to have dashed off "Sans Famille" just to amuse a sick child, but the story was found worthy to be crowned by the French Academy and has outlasted his other works. Under the title "Nobody's Boy" (Cupples & Leon, New York, \$1.25) Florence Crewe Jones has prepared a new translation of little Remi's adventures which is sure to hold the interest of American boys and girls. The story describes what befell a vagabond musician who wandered through France in the company of Vitalis, a broken-down opera singer, and his preternatural performing animals. The book gives a vivid picture of the hardships patiently endured by the French peasants of the last century, and well describes their simple joys. Remi's friendships are all idyllic, and the story ends as happily as could be wished. The translator's "modern" touches are not always in the best of taste and some grammatical blunders have slipped in.

The *Catholic World* for January, 1917, offers to the public as its New Year's gift a thoughtful collection of articles beginning with a paper by the Rev. Father James Burns, C.S.C., on "Some College Problems" and closing with "The Call of the Child," by Joseph McKee, A. M. Between these are to be found a study of "American Statesmen and the Freedom of the Seas," by Charles O'Sullivan, and an appreciation by Gilbert K. Chesterton of "Milton: Man and Poet." Thomas J. Gerrard analyzes the "Art of Paul Claudel" and May Bateman paints "Paul Claudel, Mystic." "Indiana's Debt to the Catholic Faith" is finely described by Louis P. Harl, while in "The Sentinel Mother," Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., gives a touching war story of the wood carver of the Friedenthal, Kaspar Manz, his wife Maria, and of the great sorrow that overtook them after the tragedy of Sarajevo. Thomas Walsh writes a fine poem: "Quis Desiderio." The book reviews and the chronicle of recent events follow. The articles are varied and timely, and Catholic educators will read with interest the paper on "College Problems."

Since so many States have now gone "dry" and national prohibition threatens to come before the country as an issue, accurate information on this vexed question has become a necessity. "National Prohibition, Its Supreme Folly," a pamphlet of 116 pages from the pen of Father J. A. Homan, M.A., S.T.B., St. Francis Hospital, Cincinnati, \$0.35, is therefore most timely. The author maintains that far from solving the liquor problem national prohibition would prove a calamity. To establish this fact he appeals to the "dry" States and to the lessons taught by recent experiments in Europe. One is not

surprised to hear that prohibition has failed in Iceland. Treating his subject from every aspect, Father Homan presents a formidable array of telling facts and figures.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel "The Lion's Share" (George H. Doran Co., \$1.50) is an amusing tale, that depends for its interest, not on the delineation of character or the development of plot, for the story is rather loose in construction, but on a series of kaleidoscopic adventures, deliberately sought and thoroughly enjoyed by a young girl, who suddenly comes into a fortune, disguises her youth and inexperience under assumed widow's weeds, and sets out to get from life a lion's share of enjoyment. She succeeds in the main, and after some months of a more or less madcap kind of existence soberly settles down into a sedate matron with an impecunious and irresponsible musician for a husband.

The opening paper in the October *Dublin Review* is the late Wilfrid Ward's "Memories of Childhood," which contain many interesting anecdotes about his father. Mr. Shane Leslie, who has at last consented to be the new editor of the *Dublin*, contributes "The Irish Scene: In American Eyes," an article which ought to give Englishmen considerable light on the effect that the execution of the Irish Revolutionists produced over here. Another notable paper is Mr. Reller's "A Page from Gibbon." He says of that anti-Catholic historian:

His animosity leads him sometimes consciously, more often apparently unconsciously, but still upon every page and in every statement, to omit some essential factor in a situation, or to emphasize some unessential one; and occasionally this perpetual distortion leads him to downright misstatement of fact. Thus, throughout the whole work, whoever, ancient or modern, is in conflict with the church, takes on an unnatural character of superior wisdom, or uprightness, or learning, or balance.

To prove the foregoing assertions Mr. Reller opens "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" in the middle of its twenty-seventh chapter, finds there a typical passage and then shows that Gibbon's account of the trial and death of Priscillian, when examined by a critical historian, turns out to be a tissue of misstatements.

"For the Good of the Party" (Sherman, French and Co., \$1.25), by Herman Hine Brinsmade, tells of the difficulties encountered by a young journalist in his efforts to start a local party newspaper. He fails utterly in his attempt, but is compensated by winning a bride. The story is rather commonplace in conception, and its incidents are too trite and sordid to afford much pleasure to the reader.

One of the "Eleven Poems of Rubén Darío" (Putnam, \$0.75), the late Nicaraguan poet, which Thomas Walsh and Salomón de la Selva have translated, contains these seasonable stanzas on "The Three Wise Men":

My name is Kaspar. I the incense bear.
The glamour of the Star has made me wise.
I say that love is vaster than the skies.
And God exists. And Life is pure and fair.

—My name is Melchior. And my myrrh scents all.
There is a God. He is the light of morn.
The fairest blossoms from the dust are born,
And joy is shadowed by a threatful pall.

—My name is Balthasar. I bring a wreath
Of Orient gold, my gift. I come to say
That God exists. I know all by the ray
Of starry light upon the crown of Death.

—Balthasar, Melchior, Kaspar, be ye still.
Love triumphs and has bid you to his feast.
Radiance has filled the void, the night has ceased:
Wearing Life's crown, Christ comes to work His Will!

SOCIOLOGY

The Boy Problem Again

THE papers on the boy problem, contributed to AMERICA by Father Blakely, L. B. Seager, and others, deserve attention and careful study. I fear they will not get much of either. Too many of our good people have adopted the attitude of the parish committee that had been invited to discuss this matter with the pastor. With all solemnity and due decorum the committee declared, first, that they did not want a settlement house, and secondly, that they did not need one. Had they said, "We know very little, one way or the other, about settlement houses, but whatever they may be, we are against them," they would have expressed their real attitude. There is hardly a parish in any large city that does not need a settlement. There are very few, I think, that do not want them. But fewer still are those that really desire them. If the desire were real, the lack would soon be supplied. At least, a beginning would be made.

WHERE IS THE BOY?

I REALIZE very well that settlements do other things besides look after boys. But it is the boy appeal that stirs my heart, just as it is the boy appeal that urges so many non-Catholic social workers to go down into the byways and hedges, to provide the boys with proper amusements in decent surroundings. The good people who insist that such work is not needed, or that it is an undue invasion of the home, are utterly unacquainted with the facts. How many people know, or stop to think, what a boy is going to do with himself at night? I do not mean the boy with a comfortable home, who has amusements of every sort and description ready at hand, and who is carefully guarded by sensible parents. I am referring to the ordinary half-grown hobbledoys of the streets, born and reared in the congested district, which is often a euphemism intended for cultured ears, of the great city. Most men know where these boys can, and often do go, for their amusements, but very few seem to care.

WHAT IS HE DOING?

IN many homes there are practically no amusements, no family gatherings, no general conversation. Worn and weary with the toil of the day, the breadwinners seek repose in sleep soon after coming home. Light is expensive. Heat costs money. A dark chilly tenement is far from attractive. Social intercourse is out of the question. There are few of the amenities that go so far towards making life worth living. But boy nature craves friendliness and companionship, and whatever will brighten and cheer is welcomed heartily. Nothing of this sort is to be had in the home, and hence the boy betakes himself to the friendly lamp-post and the street corner. Even this refuge is not always to be had. Some nights there is rain or snow or a biting wind; some nights the policeman may object, "Get off the corner or I'll run you in." No blame to him. Street corners are not good for the boy. Nor, in the long run, are street corner gatherings good for the community.

There remains the secluded alley nook, dimly-lighted, but somewhat sheltered, and by reason of a game of cards or craps, quite acceptable. But this, after all, is a poor refuge. Sooner or later the guardian of the peace will discover this nook, and as in duty bound, will arrest the boy and hale him before the justice. Police stations are not good for boys; fines and "costs" mean money, and that is bad; the absence of money means jail, and that is worse. The boy has had no fair chance. "The cards have been stacked against him." As Father Blakely wrote, "He simply *must* have his games and amusements. The need is both physiological and psychological." But where is he going to get them. He needs a square deal, and he should have it.

WHERE CAN HE GO?

DRIVEN from pillar to post and back, he seeks shelter where it may be had, companionship where it may be found. He finds both in the poolroom, in the "movie," in the house of cheap amusement. Not all these are bad. But most certainly they are not helpful, not elevating; they do not give the boy the chance he ought to have. That human craving for companionship was put into the heart of the boy by an almighty and omniscient Creator. That craving must be gratified, and today American Catholics are called on to say how. It is a question that will not down. It must be answered. It can be answered in only one way.

There are many places to which the boy may go, and, in their way, they are good. In fact, they are excellent places for some boys, but not for ours. There is the Y. M. C. A., for instance. Is not that in itself a reason for a Catholic settlement? If the answer be "no," what will the answer be when an aggressively proselyting house is established at the very doors of the parish church? This is no hypothetical question, no theoretical situation. In more than one city it is an actuality which must be faced candidly, if we are ever to find a remedy. Do those Catholics who say that settlements are not needed, that they are a "fad," realize to what temptations Catholic boys are constantly exposed?

WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

IT seems to me that this boy problem should be particularly dear to the St. Vincent de Paul Society. How can any true Vincentian turn away from it, when in the very constitution of the Society is the declaration that no good work shall be considered foreign to its purposes? O, if our people could only be made to understand what this work requires and how sorely it is needed! Could they be brought to know that it means going into the homes and, especially, into the hearts of the poor, to give them in all simplicity as to Christ Himself, some of the advantages which they themselves enjoy, the successful solution of the boy problem would be gloriously assured. Not only should we save our boys for the Faith, but we should also assist them in the best possible way, by teaching them to help themselves.

MARK O. SCHRIVER, JR.

EDUCATION

The Day of the Standardizer

THIS is the merry day of the standardizer, and few are the demesnes which escape him. He is at home in the sky and on the earth, and in all the waters under the earth, for to his science and power he admits no limit. With a ready and standardized eye, he will standardize a school complete with standardized teachers and a standardized fireman who, at the behest of a standardized janitor, will pile the standardized coal into a standardized furnace with a strictly-standardized shovel.

HIS ESSENTIAL TWIST

THE essential twist in the standardized standardizer is the fact that he has plenty of education, very little intelligence, and no sense of humor at all. Hence two phenomena, readily discernible. First, he entertains an unshakable conviction that his way of doing anything you may happen to mention, is immeasurably better than your way of doing it. Without hesitation will he undertake to instruct his grandmother in the art of sucking eggs, and never is he happier than when lecturing a placid mother of five, *mater filiorum lactantium*, on the scientific management of children. In the next place, he is hopelessly given over to "synthetic" *a priori* judgments, if you catch what I mean. He is like the country yokel who refused to believe that a

giraffe could exist. "It was agin' natur'," and had never been seen in Posey County. Nor did a view of the beast at a circus shatter his unbelief. "Shucks," said this son of the soil, after a period of cogitation, "there ain't no sich animile." Similarly, our standardizer will insist that no child can be happy, unless he is taught folk-dancing, let us say, or post-graduate raffia. Show him the light-hearted youngster with unstandardized feet and utterly innocent of raffia, and he will deny the youth the quality of happiness. The child *shouldn't* be happy; therefore, he *isn't*. "There ain't no sich animile." Likewise, getting around to our subject, he holds that no college "can do work of standard grade," unless it has a fat endowment and crowded lecture rooms. His argument is not in the least disturbed by facts to the contrary. All such facts are "animiles" that have no existence; chimeras, as it were, like the chimerical Mark Hopkins at one end of the chimerical log, and a chimerical student at the other.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

WHEN I was young and blooming, I was a student at St. Francis, a little college in the Middle West, to which many apply with affection, Webster's famous words on Dartmouth. It was a small establishment, and quite unstandardized. What we suffered from this lack, will be made plain by the recital of a few reminiscences. To begin with a factor of prime educational importance, take athletics. Our football team was about everything which the galaxy annually set in the heavens by Mr. Walter Camp, is not. It was, in fact, a kind of an "All American," prefixed by the algebraic symbol for minus. With about twenty youths of passable football build to choose from, it follows naturally enough, that we were beaten by every team in the neighborhood, and this, year after year. Yet, as I look back, it seems to me that there was a fair amount of triumph in the failure. I do not perceive a high degree of valor in the team that enters every contest in the practical certainty of victory. It is the little fellow that plays the uphill game, and plays it hard to the end, who has the grit. No matter how huge the score against us, the other side generally knew that it had been in a tussle. If you can't win, the next best thing is to die fighting. I can not help thinking that these boys, beaten on a dozen fields, are now better men for the fact that they always undertook to battle against overwhelming odds.

A "BACKWOODS" COLLEGE

AS you see, ours was only "a little backwoods college." We made no great stir in the world; we were not "advanced," but decidedly conservative; we did not even have a "coach." "Electivism" was much spoken of in those days, and while we students used to debate about it, our personal opinions were clear and decided. We regarded it as a kind of corollary to Unitarianism, Ellery Channing, the Brook Farm experiment, Emersonian philosophy, Harvard, and similar outcroppings of New England liberalism, to be avoided like heresy. Ours was a plain but substantial diet of ancient and modern languages, history, mathematics (the calculus, obligatory!), physics, chemistry, with descriptive courses in geology and astronomy. The senior year was taken up almost exclusively with mental and moral philosophy. There were very active debating and literary societies, and twice a week throughout the course, lectures were given on evidences of religion.

Such was our mental pabulum. But the men in charge are more than courses or buildings, and the professors during my time were teachers of unusual ability. The talents of one or two, had they been employed in a wider field, would have been rated by the learned world, I think, as akin to genius. These simple hardworking men, devoted to their profession, and deeply interested in every student in the college, I recall with a gratitude that I can never adequately express. I left them with a real

love for Latin, some knowledge of history, and the firm conviction that if I were willing to work hard for the rest of my existence, I might one day be lifted out of my abysmal ignorance, and "amount to something."

ONE OF ITS SONS

LAST month I read of the death in a far-away city, of my old classmate, Martin Higgins. He was a bright, clever youngster, with a huge bass voice quite out of proportion to his sixty-five inches, and gifted with no small degree of oratorical ability. Martin followed the call of the sanctuary. "He was a devoted priest," wrote a friend in the diocesan journal. I don't remember much else, except that he built a church and a school, and was much beloved by children and the poor. A simple chronicle this; glorious in its simplicity. Was the old school honored in her sacerdotal son? She it was who had trained his youth, and in his work she has her part. She was with him when his priestly hands were raised in absolution over the repentant sinner. She stood by him, when as only a priest can, he turned the eyes of the dying from the seared past to the vision of God's infinite love. She toiled with this man of God, as he built an earthly tabernacle for the Most High, and founded a school where the little ones might be brought to the Heart of Christ, their Divine Friend. St. Francis is surely justified in this her priestly son, one of very many who have made the world better and brighter for their passage through it.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

FOR most of us, our years of college meant sharp sacrifice at home, and so it came about that of our freshman class, only a handful stayed on for a degree. To the majority, the struggle had proved too bitter before the junior year. But what are we doing after twenty years, we sons of "a little backwoods college"?

One of the class is now Vice-President of the old school. The medal-man took up industrial chemistry, a new profession in those days, and has made some notable contributions, they say, to the chemistry of tanning. John Byrnes died four years ago, and with him, the promise of a brilliant career in medicine. A fourth teaches ethics to the young religious of his famous Order, while another is professor of philosophy in the oldest and largest Catholic university west of the Mississippi. John Smith, who played "Bardolph" when the college staged "Henry IV," was made a dean by his Bishop last spring. Like Bardolph's nose, his career has been meteoric, and he is still a young man. A neighbor of the dean is president of the local bar association, and State's attorney, while in an adjoining State, another classmate has made an enviable record as a legal counselor. Another took his degree in theology and, until ill health forced his retirement, was professor of Scripture in a well known ecclesiastical seminary. Frank Wynn, a young man of rare gifts, entered a religious Order, and died at the very outset of his career; we gave another, now a missionary, to the same Order. This list accounts for the majority of those with whom I kept in touch. The others are doing well in law, medicine, dentistry, and commercial pursuits. Dr. Coakley might well "view us with pride." There is not a "Percy" among us.

SOME OF THE OTHERS

AS a class we were held to be ordinary. Doubtless the estimate was correct. Other classes have done much more for the school. The Archbishop of the province is an alumnus as is his chancellor and, I think, his vicar. Two other Bishops, now passed to their reward, studied at St. Francis. Perhaps there were more; two I recall offhand. I can not say that the school has ever nurtured a genius, but it has developed in thousands

of students the moral and intellectual fiber which afterwards made them men of unusual distinction. I remember at least ten who became college presidents, while those who have made teaching their life-work are numbered by the hundreds. We have had our poets, our essayists, our historians, our philosophers, who have given the world their best through the medium of current publications and the printed book. Among our alumni are members of the bench, engineers, architects, artists, skilled physicians, devoted priests, and men who are leaders in the commercial world. For nearly eighty years, St. Francis has been faithful to a mission, the value of which to the Church and to the community cannot be estimated.

AND NOW THE STANDARDIZER

I AM setting this down as soberly as possible, because a standardizer has recently reported that my old school "is not prepared to do work of standard grade." Politely ignoring the facts in the case, among them the obvious fact that she has been doing standard work for three quarters of a century, he holds obstinately to his *a priori* judgment. "No institution," he observes with facile fatuity, "can do standard work unless it has an endowment of at least two hundred thousand dollars, and one hundred students."

Perhaps you remember what Mark Twain's pilot said to the "cub" who had stood by to insure a veteran at the wheel from running the boat against a snag. "Well," remarked this astounded person, "taking you by and large, you do seem to be more different kinds of an ass than any creature I ever saw before." The bearing of this remark lies in the application, and the application is obvious.

JOHN WILTBYE.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Socialist Vote

THE earlier estimates given of the Socialist vote were vastly exaggerated. It now appears that Benson, the Socialist candidate, received only 750,000 votes, with eight missing States estimated, as against 901,873 cast for Debs in 1912. The Social Democratic party has thus the unenviable distinction of being the only political faction whose ballot shows a decrease. According to the latest figures now published Justice Hughes polled 8,547,474 as compared with 7,971,358 cast for Roosevelt and Taft in the preceding elections. The Prohibitionist vote increased by almost 18,000, rising to 225,101; while President Wilson received 2,812,277 votes more than in 1912, scoring a plurality of 568,822. Great agitation exists in the Socialist camp and threats of excommunication are issued against some of the most prominent members within the party. These threats are naturally answered in kind, and there is no mincing of words among the "comrades." Though the word "brotherhood" is glib upon their tongue, the day is still far distant when they will ever move any one to exclaim: "How these Socialists love one another!"

Turkish Courtesy to the Vatican

A REQUEST made by Pope Benedict XV that the graves of the French and English soldiers who have fallen on the Gallipoli peninsula should be piously cared for has been favorably answered by the Turkish Government. The announcement of this reply is contained in a letter sent by the Vatican to the Archbishop of Paris. According to the Canadian *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* the letter gives the further interesting information that photographs of all the burial places of the soldiers have been taken by order of the Turkish Minister of War and sent to the Pope. They are to be placed on view at

the Vatican for the consolation of the relatives and friends of the men who fell in the Dardanelles campaign. This kindly action of the Turkish Government deserves cordial recognition, as likewise the fact that the famous monastery of Mount Carmel, in Palestine, which was under French protection and had consequently been seized by the Turks, has been handed over to the German Carmelites. The *Messenger* is authority for the statement that the Catholic population of Turkey numbers 750,000 souls.

A British Government Tribute to Catholic Priests

THE British Government Committee's "Report of the Typhus Epidemic at Gardelegen," presented to both Houses of Parliament by royal command, contains the following highly eulogistic account of the services of the Catholic priests:

The epidemic was the occasion for striking examples of self-sacrificing devotion. There were ten French Roman Catholic priests in the camp as prisoners. They lived together in the guard hut of No. 2 Company. All of them volunteered to work among the sick, and they were given charge of rooms in the hospital annexes and of wards in the hospital. They were most adaptable, teachable men, and their absolute fearlessness and unselfish devotion to duty cannot be too highly extolled. Eight out of the ten contracted the disease and five of them died.

A correspondent who sends us this official document remarks that in the same mail which brought it to him came a clipping relating to the Rev. J. Sidney Catts, recently elected Governor of Florida, after a campaign conducted along the usual anti-Catholic lines. The clipping stated that Mr. Catts was first heard of in politics twelve years ago when he abandoned his calling as Baptist minister to run for Congress. "I cannot help contrasting the self-sacrificing devotion of Mr. Catts," says our correspondent, "which called him from the ministry, with 'the self-sacrificing devotion' attributed by the British document to the ten priests, which called five of them to God."

Church Unity Octave and Luther Centenary

THE time for the Church Unity Octave is again approaching. It fills our hearts anew with yearnings for a united Christendom. In this year, set aside by Protestantism for the commemoration of the saddest step taken within modern times towards separation and disunion among Christians, it is meet that we pray with redoubled fervor that Our Lord's wish may be fulfilled: "That they may also be one in us." There is no discord in the Blessed Trinity, and so there can be no discord in any Christianity that is of Christ. There must be one accord of faith through all the ages and among all the souls that embrace the doctrine of Christ. Not in important points only, but in "all things whatsoever I have commanded you," must this unity exist, as it has now existed for almost twenty centuries in the one Church of Christ founded upon Peter. Protestantism, with its freedom of individual belief, is essentially opposition and protest against the Divine wish and prayer for Christian unity. Like "a forsaken Mother," to use the beautiful expression of Pope Benedict XV in his Apostolic Brief, relating to the Church Unity Octave, the Church longs for the return of her children who have strayed from her side:

For in the unity of the Faith the foremost characteristic of the truth of the Church shines forth, and it is thus that the Apostle Paul exhorts the Ephesians to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, by proclaiming that "there is one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."

With a glad mind therefore we have heard from the Society which is called "of the Atonement," established in New York, that prayers have been proposed to be recited from the Feast of the Chair of Blessed Peter at Rome (January 18) to the

Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul (January 25), in order that this aim of unity might be obtained from the Lord, and at the same time we rejoiced that these prayers, blessed by Pope Pius X, of recent memory, and approved by the Bishops of America, have been circulated far and wide through the United States. (Feb. 25, 1916.)

That the prayers thus approved "may be offered to God everywhere and with abundant fruit of souls," special indulgences are granted. Explanatory leaflets, containing the approved prayers, can be purchased from the *Lamp*, Garrison, N. Y. It is suggested that alms-giving for the missions be combined with the octave of prayer, thus associating the desire for Catholic unity with zeal for the conversion of the world. May the appeals for the extension of this devotion find an ever increasing response among the Faithful!

Catholic Lyceum Bureau

A REMARKABLE list of names and a highly interesting program of subjects is offered this season by the Catholic Lyceum Bureau of Chicago. Attention is called to the fact that these lectures may be particularly desirable during the course of the coming year owing to the Luther anniversary, which will bring scores of writers and lecturers into the popular field, many of whom will doubtless revive old prejudices or beget new ones. Of the lecturers many are already well known to readers of AMERICA. The following is the complete list, with a brief word of introduction for each name: The Rev. James M. Cleary, who has lectured for years before lyceum and Chautauqua audiences; the Rev. John F. Noll, Editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*; Hon. Edward J. McDermott, former Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky; Hon. Quin O'Brien, a prominent member of the Chicago bar; Hon. Michael F. Girtten, Judge of the Chicago municipal court; Dr. James J. Walsh; "there is no limit," says the program, "to the number of subjects of which Dr. Walsh is master"; Mr. S. A. Baldus, Managing Editor of *Extension Magazine*; Mr. Anthony J. Matre, National Secretary of the American Federation of Catholic Societies; Mr. Denis A. McCarthy, poet and lecturer, editorially connected with the Boston *Sacred Heart Review*; Mr. Clement J. Barnhorn, of international fame as a sculptor; Mr. James Fitzgerald, frequent lecturer for the Knights of Columbus; Dr. George Benson Hewetson, convert and lecturer, who had been for twenty-three years an Anglican minister; Mr. John T. Comes, an authority on Church architecture; Mr. Joseph O'Meara, for twelve years a prominent member of the theatrical profession; Mr. James Francis O'Donnell, dramatic lecturer, on the list of a number of the national lyceum bureaus. Special features are offered in the blind pianist Anthony Jawelak, whose musical ability manifested itself when he was only four years of age, and in the College Concert Party: "These four young women constitute the only musical company in the United States composed entirely of Catholics." The Bureau is located at the National Life Building in Chicago, and applications are to be made at the earliest date to secure the best rates and make possible the arrangement of the itineraries.

A Reason for Peace

JAMES A. REED, United States Senator from Missouri, contributes an article to the *Fatherland* in which he bases his plea for present and future peace provisions upon the growing magnitude of national conflicts. Referring to the great wars that history had previously recorded, he writes:

Nearly all the wars of the past were conducted by a small percentum of the population. Very frequently the great mass of the people belonging to a nation engaged in war were able to pursue their usual avocations during the period of a conflict in much the same manner as in times of peace.

Xerxes probably massed the greatest army of ancient times, yet it numbered only 800,000. The army of Cyrus was celebrated for its magnitude, yet it probably did not number 125,000 men. Alexander the Great crossed the Hellespont, conquered Asia Minor and Egypt with a force of 35,000. Scipio landed in Africa with but 30,000. Hannibal crossed the Pyrenees with less than 60,000. Caesar's Army embraced 9 legions, approximately 50,000. Pompey's host did not probably exceed 100,000. Napoleon's two armies in the year 1800 aggregated about 170,000. In our great Civil War the total number of enlisted Federal soldiers during the entire four years was probably less than 3,000,000, and the Confederate less than 1,500,000. The total number in the field at any one time was much smaller.

The magnitude of the armies in the present conflict can be explained by the perfection of the railroads, by which troops, provisions and ammunition can be conveyed to any point within the briefest space of time; by the multiplication of wealth, which supplies all the necessary means; and finally by the mobilization of the entire people: the women, the aged and the children, for carrying on the war industries. More than this, modern methods of communication have united the interests of all countries. "The whole world has a tremendous, if not a vital interest in any great international conflict." The conclusion Senator Reed draws is that some means for bringing about international peace and limiting future wars must be sought from the very necessity of the case. "If the spirit of non-compromise is persisted in, then the present war may become one of extermination involving in its catastrophe the civilization of vast portions of the earth."

The Christmas Season and the Labor Movement

THE following is part of the Christmas message conveyed to the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America in its official journal, the *Carpenter*:

To say that the labor movement is narrow, that its vision is circumscribed, that its spirit is selfish rather than altruistic, is to ignore the philosophy of trade unionism as well as the evidence of one's own eyes. Wherever the labor movement has found a footing it has materially helped toiling humanity; it has increased wages, shortened hours of work, raised standards of living. It has been a lifeboat on the sea of industrialism which has saved countless thousands from being dragged down in a whirlpool of arduous, unending, unprofitable toil. Trade unionism has added immeasurably to the sum total of the world's happiness. It has brought sunshine into the lives of oppressed toilers, it has lifted up the downtrodden, it has pierced the curtain of despair which hid the rays of human hope from the eyes of countless thousands. Its spirit is similar to the spirit of Christmas. Human brotherhood is its symbol and its hope; "peace on earth, good will to men," its motto. And the great Feast itself, is preeminently the feast of the toilers, for was not the career of the Founder of Christianity an epic of lowly toil of which the hovel at Bethlehem and the carpenter shop at Nazareth are incidents?

Trade unionism does not profess to be a religion. Far from it. But it has translated something of the idealism we associate with Christmas into a living reality. Goaded on by stern necessity it has woven things of the spirit into an instrument of material progress and the results speak for themselves. As the years roll on it will keep steadily at its self-imposed task—that of remolding the world nearer to the heart's desire—until finally, true human brotherhood shall become not an aspiration but a living fact, and greed, injustice and exploitation shall have vanished from the earth!

If the labor movement will remain true to the ideals here expressed, if it will link charity with justice and build its hopes upon the law of the Gospel and not on the shifting sands of radicalism, it will ever have the blessing of the Church upon it. Its achievements for the benefit of the toiler cannot be questioned. Voices, however, that are not of Christ have unfortunately, within recent times, made themselves heard and heeded in its councils. May they not be permitted to prevail.